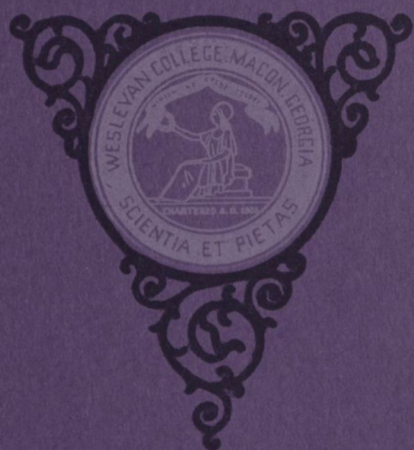




THE WESLEYAN

Peter Pan Number



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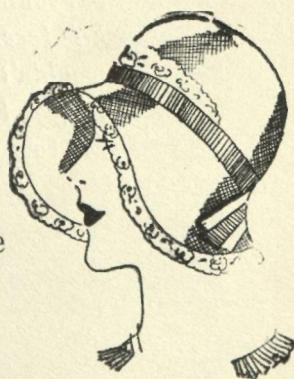
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Foreword

Youth has nothing to do with the number of years. It is a quality of the mind.

I found someone the other day. He was slim and supple, hardly out of school, but he wasn't young. His soul was dead; I saw that in his eyes.

And, then, I found another one—grey around the temples and resignedly stooped under the grindings of the wheel of years, but youth laughed out at me from his face. Like Peter Pan, he wouldn't grow up. And he was happy; I saw that in his eyes.

How old are you?

Among the Contributors

WE print this issue in memory of Peter Pan, that problematical boy who is the friend of each succeeding generation and the symbol of youth itself with its brave questionings, its quaint fancies, its near tragedies, and its uncrushable optimism.

Miss Mary Ruth Senter, editor-in-chief of next year's *Wesleyan* contributes "Southern Belle," a charming story with a most unexpected denouement. The atmosphere of summer heat makes itself decidedly felt even in these windy Spring days.

A trio of stories on the exaggerated whimsicality of youth is good reading for humor and surprise. Miss Sara Erwin portrays the very chivalrous young man and his unfortunate experiences at a party. "Romance a la Carte," by Miss Helen Flanders, brings a most romantic young maiden and a very matter-of-fact youth together at a masquerade, and many things are then unmasked. Miss Elizabeth MacMahon shows us a young lady who labors diligently to impress her room-mate and even discards an old sweetheart because he is not up to her new standards—and puts frilly caps on a jewel of a cook. The room-mate's conduct is the big surprise. Read it and see how she values what the fine young lady tried to improve!

This issue should be full of surprises, since Peter Pan is most fond of whimsical twists, and Miss Marjorie Royal has another surprise for us in her short short story, "The Man With the Bag."

Miss Mildred Barber, Senior Literary Editor for 1930-'31, contributes a clever feature article in which she reminisces humorously on "The Misconceptions of Youth."

Miss Margaret Chapman loaned her pen to the fairies, or borrowed a quill pen of the fairies to write for the alumnae department.

This month's poetry displays the vivid and clean-cut imagery of Miss Mary Cotton and Miss Elizabeth Manget. Miss Caroline Owen offers a contrast between a thoughtful poem and one of pure fancy. Miss Elizabeth Barnes and Miss Moselle Burke are lyric spirits, and their poems are delicate and graceful.

The Wesleyan wishes to announce that the Rambler has added an essay column to its mental peregrinations. This month's essay contributors are Miss Helen Kilpatrick, Miss Elizabeth Wilde, and Miss Sarah Frances Moseley.

Awakened

BY ELIZABETH WILDE

*My heart once lived sedate
Within a dream-locked citadel,
Where love had never made his way
Nor lit his candles in my eyes,
Until you scaled the wall—*

*Content in your embrace,
Your touch transmuted me into
A silken flame with clinging hands.
Your wise mouth taught my slumbering eyes
Compliance and desire.*



"Southern" Belle

BY MARY RUTH SENTER



TEP up thar, mule!"

A lazy, slow voice urged the grey-brown beast up on the sidewalk. The animal, too tired to make the accustomed protests, by a gradual lifting in succession of each dusty hoof found himself on the hot baked pavement of the little Virginia town.

"Whut choo got 'at's two fer a nickle?" inquired the little black figure still sitting carelessly on his beast of burden, and pushing back his large straw hat to get a better look at the display of fruit before the stand.

The Italian girl was not a picture of delight as she interrupted her doze to the dreamy buzzing of the swarming flies.

"Bananas, she is a nickel for two," was the broken and yawning reply. Her chair came to the floor on all four legs with a bump, and she proceeded to pick two bananas from a nearby bunch.

"Whar mah sack?" the darkie questioned, refusing to take the bananas. Then seeing the wilted look on the face of the girl, he added, "Well, Ah c'n just stick

'um heah." So saying he pushed one of the pieces of fruit into the animal's mane and started peeling the skin of the other one slowly off.

A kick in the ribs stirred the mule from his day dreams of sweet smelling hay and a cool barn, and once more he rambled off to the deserted road.

If the animal had been of a speedier breed, an enormous cloud of dust would have resulted from his walk, but the animal being of the mule variety, and the time of day being twelve o'clock, and the air of depressing stillness, his preamble caused only the slightest disturbance in the fine, white dust.

Having gained the middle of the road, the mule and his rider proceeded down the stretch, aimlessly swerving from one side to the other.

An old hen whose Leghorn classification was quite indistinguishable, sat cozily in an unusually deep dust hole in the middle of the road. She opened one of her black, beady eyes and saw the mule coming toward her. Watching his approach, she barely stirred. Luckily for her, at this

point the mule had a tendency to curve to the left, leaving her undisturbed in the same deep hole. All danger having passed, she put her head again under her wing and let the dust make one more layer on once white feathers.

The journey came to an end when the little darkie had finished his two bananas. As he approached the wooden porch of the Rustburg Hotel he again urged the mule to make the painful effort of crossing the sidewalk to the railing of the porch.

"Is you Mr. Blake?" muttered the boy as he pushed forward in his ink-black fist a note, once dainty and white, now stained with bananas and soiled by too close contact with a dirty hip pocket.

August Blake, a tall thin man with a pale face and eyes and a warm looking black suit, stopped fanning for one long minute—long enough to receive the note and reach in his pocket for a coin.

"There, run along—" he urged, not noticing the boy, as he sat down again and tore open the note. He read.

"Come at four, and I will give you my answer.

Barbara."

He leaned his head on the back of the seat and resumed his fanning, too hot to even think of this reply he had been waiting for so long. True he had only been in the South a month, but already he had learned to love the beautiful Barbara Bennett, in his estimation a real Southern Belle, who was visiting her cousin in the small town.

As he fanned he thought of his arrival in the little town—the town of his mother's birth. After the stuffiness of the train, the air seemed cool and pleasant in its twilight glow. He was forced to change his impression, however, after he had waited ten minutes for the well known "red cap" and had then carried his own bags across the road to the only hotel he could see. Could this possibly be Rustburg—the place where his mother had spent so many happy years? He wondered what she had found to do.

As he entered the hotel a dingy pair of shoes disappeared behind the counter and

instead a kind, bearded face made its appearance. He remembered signing his name on the ink smeared page of the register and telling the man that he had come for a short stay—no, he didn't know how long—to see the birthplace of his mother—who?—Oh, she was Miss Virginia Goodrich, lived out from the town, he believed. What about his work at home? It was not confining. He was writing a volume of poems and had come South for inspiration. Having received the former information the clerk finally condescended to show him a room. It was a low-ceilinged stove of a room with only a wash stand and a bed to relieve its absolute bareness. Well, he wouldn't unpack now, because he couldn't stay here long. The more he bathed his head in a cool towel the more the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Giving up the task of cooling off, he left the little room and descended the narrow, shaky steps to the lobby and then to the street.

He walked briskly down the street toward the corner drug store. There he saw for the first time signs of life (if it might be called life). Three men loitered in front with their chairs resting back on two legs and their sleeves above their elbows. He wondered if they were cool. He would have to try that. As he entered one of the men followed him and asked him what he would have. He gave his order for chocolate cream only to learn that they were out of that kind but he could have vanilla.

A group of young people around a portable Victrola turned to look at the stranger. Out of the number he particularly noticed a tall brunette who was selecting a record from a large pack. She seemed to stand out from the others. Her dark eyes and smooth black hair seemed cool and invigorating. As she looked up from her record her eyes met his and she walked toward him.

"Beg pawdon," she drawled, "but awn't you Mr. Gilfoil who was to see Auntie about huh property?"

"Why no," he began, "I can't say that I am. I'm August Blake from Maine. Sorry to disappoint you."

"Oh, not at all," she insisted and made no move to go back to her crowd.

"Shall we sit down?" he suggested leading her over to one of the two brown tables near the window. "May I order you something?"

"Thank you, but really I couldn't. I think I should explain how I happened to mistake you for Mr. Gilfoil. You see, he wrote Auntie that he would be here this afternoon, but he failed to say which train he was coming on."

"Are there two trains coming in this afternoon?" he asked with a note of sarcasm in his voice.

Paying no attention to his inference she explained that the north bound one would be in in about a half hour.

Continually watched by the group at the Victrola who forgot altogether to play the piece she had selected, they talked easily together—his rolling brogue mingling with her pronounced drawl. He told her everything—why he had come, about his book, the large brick house where he and his mother lived in Maine, and even of his love for chocolate ice cream.

Remembering that dinner would soon be ready she arose and called over the group of boys and girls. Formal introductions of Silvia Longworth, Davis Lane, and Bogert Gilbreath to Mr. Blake having been made, he told her good-bye and added that he would like to see her before he left.

"I might come by tomorrow afternoon in the car. Shall I? Well about five? Good."

He went straight to the hotel and unpacked his clothes and arranged his possessions in an orderly fashion about the room. Twenty-two hours remained between now and the next afternoon with nothing to do to make them hurry.

It seemed as if he had spent a week in the dingy hotel before he heard the long deep sound of the roadster horn outside. He rushed down the steps and stepped into the canary colored car. That ride had been as an oasis in his desert of boredom—yes, he would have to write a poem about it. They talked of many things, but mostly of his home up North. It seemed so easy

to tell her all of his thoughts as he sat there beside her. She talked little, only agreeing with him and making short little exclamations of wonder and surprise. She drove the car with strong capable hands and perfect ease.

After that they saw much of each other. He remembered the time he had tea with her on the front lawn of the Longworth estate. Her cousin, the dainty, giggling cousin, and her boy friends, always idle and ready to talk—he wondered how she stood them.

Then there was the time she fixed a lunch and they drove out from the town to eat it under a huge oak tree. That wasn't so pleasant as they had forgotten to take anything to drink, and the sandwiches were too dry, and the yellow jackets constantly buzzed around them and lighted on their food.

His day dreaming came to a sudden stop. Why then he was thinking about what had happened when he should be getting ready to find out what was going to happen. Was she really going to say she would marry him? Hadn't the letter sounded as if she had not turned him down? As he climbed the dark staircase doubt arose in his mind. Strange he didn't feel as if he were "carried into blissful ecstasy", as he had often described in his love lyrics.

He hated to think of dressing in the low hot room above. One thing he had always wondered and had never solved was how Barbara could enjoy life in such a slow, dead place called a town. Maybe she was satisfied. Maybe she liked the calm easygoing manner of her people, the constant idleness of her friends, and the careless manner in which they lived, and the depressing heat which lasted even after the sun had left the sky. Barbara certainly seemed pleased and satisfied with the life about her. Perhaps, when one is reared in a certain atmosphere, one does not wish things to be different.

How would Barbara live in the North? Would she fit in with his people? Would she like the hurrying way in which everything was done? Could she bear the bitter cold winters with their cold gray skies

and snow? He could not picture Barbara in such surroundings. Most assuredly she would be Barbara no longer. It was settled; he could not possibly stay down in this town another day, much less could he settle down and live here, and he could not ask her to leave the only place she had known and loved to go with him to a place so entirely different.

There! His shoe string was knotted again. He didn't have time to stop and pick it out this time. He pulled and pulled, trying to make it small enough to go through the next hole. It broke. He threw the useless string in his hand down on the floor and left his shoe half-laced and crossed the room to the wash stand. He pulled the drawer open, but something caught it. He pulled again and it yielded. It was his best shirt that had caught in the side of the drawer. He gazed at the irregular tear and reached for another one. He looked at his watch—quarter to four. He had exactly twenty minutes. Shirts and ties were pitched into his suitcase in a tangled mass. At last both bags were filled and fastened and he stood an exhausted and disappointed specimen of mankind. He looked at the note he had received again and then tore the blank sheet from the folder and hastily wrote:

Dear Barbara,

I am called away suddenly. Will explain later.

August

He slipped down the steps faster than ever before, dropped his bags at the foot of the steps and rapped on the counter. The clerk slowly shuffled around the corner from the dining room and stopped short on seeing his dependable boarder standing in the middle of the floor tying his tie, with his overstuffed bags awaiting removal, and everywhere an air of impatience.

"My bill? How much is it?" he asked, still struggling with the tie.

"Let's see. I'll have to look that up. Why did you say you was leavin'?" the old man said taking a dog-eared book from the shelf.

"Oh, never mind," said the young man and thrust a handful of bills into the

clerk's hand. Before he had left the room the clerk counted the money, his eyes widened, and his lower jaw dropped downward. He stepped forward to protest, but thinking better of it, pocketed the money. A broad smile covered his face.

"Here, take this," he ordered as he thrust the note at the darkie who was waiting at the steps.

"Yassah, thought mebbly you'd need me," he grinned and lazily arose.

August Blake caught up his bags and ran across the road and through the court house yard to the station.

"Please, st-stop the 4:05 for me," he panted.

"It's too late," the conductor objected.

"You'll have to. You can flag it can't you?"

"Well, I'll try," he gave in, punching a button and taking out a lantern.

The whistle blew in the distance.

"Here she is now. Quick!" August Blake urged the man to hurry.

The engineer saw the sign, and the train came to a stop long enough for the sole passenger to board it.

Blake gave a sigh of exhaustion and relief at being at last homeward bound. The wheels could not turn fast enough for him and the hands of his watch crept painfully. Each rumble of the wheels seemed to utter Barbara's name. When the conductor called the names of the station they seem to be Barbara's name. A sticky little girl who played in the aisle was named Barbara. All of the passengers were aware of the fact many times during the trip.

Finally the wheels had made their last turn and had moaned out the name of Barbara for the last time. Blake's bags were snatched from him and carried up the long flight of steps. They were put in a taxi cab and he was pushed in behind them. Lights flashed past his window as the car speeded down the long avenue. Then an abrupt stop and he was before the large brick house he had told Barbara about in the drug store the day he had met her.

The ride from the station was like many

others as he came home from town every day. The three weeks that followed were crowded with correspondence concerning the publication of his book of verse and telegrams through which he bought and sold stock.

It was seven o'clock one brisk October morning that Blake came down to breakfast fresh and invigorated from his night on the sleeping porch with the cold wind on his face. Carrying a morning paper tightly rolled, he entered the breakfast room where his mother was already seated. As he stooped to kiss her he slapped the paper across his knee to open it and sat down to read it and drink his coffee. He read the first page thoroughly, then

the second page. When he turned to the third page he started and dropped his cup heavily in its saucer. He read there:

Daughter of Banker

To Wed Soon

"The engagement of Miss Barbara Bennett, daughter of J. H. Bennett, president of a Chicago bank, to Bogert Gilbreath of Rustburg, Va., was announced today at a——"

"Why, what's the matter, son?" his mother questioned with a worried look on her face.

"Eh? Oh, nothing. Stock's gone down 12. That's all." He replied as he turned over the Society page and started searching the columns of stock reports.

Staying Young

BY ELIZABETH McMAHON

(Author's note: In spite of the flagrant triteness of this presentation, it should at least be noted to my credit that I did not employ the quotation, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be.")



ANY years ago a subtle craving for the unattainable drew Ponce de Leon on his famous search for the Fountain of Youth. The fact that he did not succeed has not been sufficient to stifle the zeal of his innumerable successors who follow his foolish suit without even the compensation of his fame. Perhaps their advertising managers are inferior!

However that may be, it is interesting to note that the irresistible and irresponsible quality referred to with such enthusiasm by every thing from advertisements of yeast to recommendations of efficiency is that very thing which the possessors themselves deplore. "You are too young to know" is a phrase which threatens the pre-teen age with as much discomfort as the accusation "You are too old to understand" holds for the school teacher past thirty. No one ever was, ever will be, but is always only hoping to be, the right age at the right time. The time when the unconscious change from the fear that one will be considered too young to the greater fear that one will be thought too old is never recognized at the time of the alteration; nor is this same change admitted for many months—even years—after it has been consummated.

Youth is comparative in basis—just as wealth, health, and beauty. The small freckled-nosed boy of nine summers points disdainfully at his cousin of six.

"Aw, he's too young! Let's leave him at home to play with the baby or he'll ruin the fun." There is a vast chasm between the ages of the sixteen-year-old who clumsily applies rouge to her already too-red cheeks and her friend of three months priority who watches with enviously greedy eyes. But later—in the twenties, say, one pleasantly remarks of a person three years younger "Why we're the same age," and adds casually if the younger person is within ear shot, "Practically, I mean. She may be a year or two younger." And yet all years have only twelve months.

It seems only reasonable to suppose that there must be some particular time which is just the right time—but I've never known any one who has found it. If there were only a certain time in the life of every one which one could celebrate as the perfect age! It might be a sort of super-birthday to take place when the individual is exactly sixteen years, eight months and three days old or perhaps—as most of us who are well past sixteen should prefer—when he is twenty-five or thirty or—but there's the obvious weakness in the scheme. Who could be depended on to decide the perfect age without partiality? And here we are back at the beginning of an extremely unadorned circle.

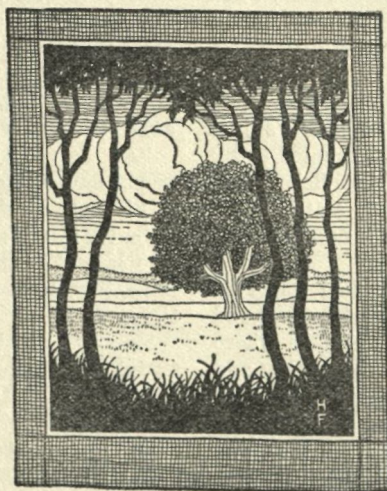
Perhaps some day there will arise a master brain to solve this serious problem. Until that time the only thing to do is to go on wishing you are older until you suddenly decide that you are going to wish you were younger. Neither does any harm—or good.

Half Love

BY ELIZABETH BARNES

*You love I know,
For even yet I half-feel it.
But as the long, gnarled fingers
Of Winter's trees
Clutch vainly at the March wind—
Just so do I grasp
Your fading love.*

*Summer's sun will find
The trees cool and green again.
New life will be hers for the taking—
How she will revel in her pitiless scorching!
But even
The sun's fierce heat
Cannot destroy
A lifeless clod!*



Lord Chesterfield, Jr.

BY SARAH ERWIN



OTHER, are you and Sister-r quite ready? I await you in the Buick."

Beverly Langston, painfully but mischievously sixteen, appeared suddenly for the fifth time in the door-way of his mother's bed-room and with up-lifted eye-brows reminded her gently that time passes.

"Yes, I know Bev, but Bebe isn't quite ready, and there's no point in my going without her."

"Oh! Surely we could not go without our dear Sister. The loss of time is nothing compared to the loss of her dark presence on a shopping tour."

"How foolish you do sound, Bev, when you talk like that." Mrs. Langston moved quickly about her room, collecting the last details of her costume.

Oh—to be sure, it's foolish when I talk like that, but not Bebe—well, 'It's just a part of Bebe.' Gosh, if I counted every time you and dad tell me that, Bebe would have more loose parts than a 1920 Ford. And now, she's imported a new part for herself from *abroad*!"

"'Twould be well if I had imported spare parts for you, too," Bebe, small and dark, entered from her bed-room where she had been listening to her mother and Beverly. "The home product isn't such a success."

"Now, Bebe, that was a most ungracious expression. You must remember that you are older than Bev."

"Oh, pray don't remind her of that!" spoke up Beverly.

"And anyway," continued Mrs. Langston, with only a glance for the interrupter, "he is probably still a little disappointed that he did not get to go over with you last spring. But rather than



admit it, he just tries to imitate and tease you. Remember now, he is little more than a child."

"There you go again!" Beverly had been waiting exultantly, while his mother put Bebe in her place, but being suddenly put in his own place and having grown since last he

was put there, he broke out in indignation. "I might as well be an infant in arms for all the recognition I get. It doesn't do me any good to be good or bad either around here. I'm just a 'child'—yeah—six feet one and three-quarter inches of a child. How much bigger have I got to get?"

"Now, please don't get excited, Bev, over your size again," said his mother amiably. "You are growing into a real man. But you will just have to pardon us sometimes if we seem to forget how fast you are growing. You were such an adorable little fellow that—"

"Aw, forget it! I was glad to do it for you!" Beverly's eyes gleamed in response to his mother's praise. "Let's go."

In the car his mother continued, "It's very nice of you to chauffeur us this afternoon, Bev. I thought you would be practicing, or scrimmaging, do you say?"

"No. We decided that since the party tonight is so important, we wouldn't take any chances on getting bunged up, and so we called off the work-out. Gee, Mother, this is going to be the real thing tonight! Everybody is invited. Did Nellie call you, Bebe? I knew she was going to. How about my rating the same party as Bebe! And guess who 'your Uncle Fuzzy' is dating to-night?" Beverly turned half way around and bestowed a proud smile upon the occupants of the back seat. "Ya-as. Miss Nellie Wayne, the chawming little hostess herself. Don't let your glass eye

drop out," he added in a parenthetical tone.

During this conversation of increasing animation Beverly had driven with gathering speed, and now, finding himself in the middle of town, he jammed on the brakes with a suddenness that almost landed his mother and sister in the front seat with him.

"Beverly! What in the world are you trying to do?" demanded Bebe.

"Just trying to drive. I think I've at last mastered the art of stopping." Beverly grinned. Seeing Bebe's perturbation he added, "By jove, if we weren't about to dash through the jolly little hometown village! Rawther careless of me, I must say."

Bebe neither moved nor uttered a word, but her looks spoke volumes.

"Mawther," drawled Beverly, "do you care to have her glaring at me like that down town on the streets? Others might not understand that it's 'just a part of her'."

"You would do well to cultivate more of the European's manners," suggested Bebe coldly. "He is a gentleman." The implication was clear, but Beverly had no chance to answer.

"Here, we haven't time for this, if we are to shop," Mrs. Langston reminded them.

Beverly glided from under the steering wheel and hurried around the car, but before he could reach the other side, Mrs. Langston and Bebe had slipped out of the car and were crossing the side walk toward Hawkin's Department Store. Beverly sprang after them. "Hey! Why didn't you let me open the door for you? If you climbed out on Dad like that, you'd walk for a month afterwards."

"Oh, we haven't time for your foolishness now, Bev," declared Bebe. "Come on and get these packages for us." She turned to her mother. "And did I tell you how perfectly charming the European man is to his sister? Why, Mother, it is thrilling just to watch a foreigner attending his sister at social functions. And he always makes his date, except, of course, you don't call it that over there - - -"

"Over there! Over there! Over there!" Beverly's untrained (and uncontrolled) voice broke in. But Bebe did not even give him the recognition of a retort, so engrossed was she in her subject.

"Well, I don't know exactly how he accomplishes it, but he makes you feel that he has you and your comfort and your pleasure in mind always. And he bows to his toes at every opportunity. His hand at your arm has just the right touch, and oh - - -"

Beverly wished darkly that the European man, whoever he might be, would go jump in the ocean. But his sister, unaware of his desire, talked on from store to store. Mrs. Langston listened to Bebe with one ear and to the salesman with the other and piled packages on Beverly with both hands. Beverly's one or two suggestions for purchases had no more weight than a feather, and at length he, too, was compelled to listen to his sister's dissertation on the European man. After the first hour of it, the figure began to appeal to Beverly's imagination, and after the next hour he was a little envious of the European's graceful manners. Suddenly, a plan sprang into his mind. He would adopt these lovely manners for Nellie's party that night! Such actions would surely impress Nellie and all her guests that his manliness towered above that of every one else, especially Jack Henson.

Beverly could scarcely stay at the table through dinner that night. He was too excited to eat and almost too excited to dress, he found, for the long process after many hasty acts wasted left him moist and wilted. But the drive out to Nellie's home cooled and calmed him, and when he lifted the knocker on the Wayne door, he had only to straighten his tie and pull down his cuffs to feel that he was "his chawming old self."

When Nellie opened the door, Beverly pushed her backward in his eagerness to impress her with his delight at seeing her. Nellie, somewhat surprised, led the way into the music room where Beverly discovered that he was the first guest. A month before Beverly would have tak-

en precautions to be at least the thirteenth arrival, but to-night under the spur of his clever plan he considered his early arrival as an added opportunity.

Mrs. Wayne, a tall, bright-eyed woman, greeted him. "How do you do, Beverly? We are glad that you are here to-night. I do not believe that we could have real entertainment without you, could we, Nellie?"

Beverly pressed one hand against the breast of his dress suit and bowed "to his toes," or at least as near to them as he could manage for a first public appearance. "That is very gracious of you, Mrs. Wayne. I am sure my pleasure shall be doubled by your kindness."

Mr. Wayne's dark head suddenly appeared above the back of a deep chair facing the radio, and his face held a quizzical look. "Why, hello, Beverly. How are you?"

He started to rise, but Beverly rushed over and took his hand. "How are you, sir? Pray do not rise for me. Be seated, sir."

Beverly was saved from a most scrutinizing stare from Mr. Wayne by the gay arrival of several couples. He and Nellie hastened to the front where Beverly bowed and "fussed" over each young lady entering.

Back in the music room Mr. Wayne and his wife looked at each other. "The crazy kid! Asking me to be seated in my own house! What's the matter with him?"

"Youth, my dear, youth," smiled Mrs. Wayne. "Nothing unusual."

"Looks like a pretty bad case to me," answered Mr. Wayne turning back to his radio. "I hope it doesn't leave any scars."

At the punch bowl Beverly held the center of attraction. For the last ten minutes he had been passing cups by to each new-comer with, "You, my Mary. You first, my dear Grace," and a bow with each. He failed to notice that Nellie was left waiting until he drank his cup so that they could circle the room together. But when he looked up and saw Bebe entering with Frank Newcomb, he left the punch bowl and almost dragged

Nellie across the floor to meet them.

"My dear sister, I was beginning to be uneasy about you. So glad you've come." He bowed, caught his sister's hand, kissed it, while she stood amazed, gasping in surprise.

But in a moment she had recovered. "Don't be foolish!" she laughed.

"My dear, may I dance with you, perhaps the second waltz?" Beverly refused to be quieted.

"Not if you're going to act like that. Why every time you lean over, you leave a space like the great divide between your vest and trousers. And then, while you're in that awful position, you must hold my hand and chew on my ring. I don't see why Nellie doesn't excuse you." With a squelching look she turned and strolled on with Frank who was almost ready to laugh.

Beverly, completely abashed, stood silently awkward. He did not dare look at Nellie. His hands seemed to grow longer. They hung heavily by his sides. He wondered how considerable the space between his vest and trousers was now. His feet looked longer than he had ever noticed them before. He felt almost doubtful as to his ability to move them. But he could not stand there all night. He stretched forth a clumsy hand, not knowing at exactly what spot he should touch Nellie's arm to move her. But, when he started to cup his hand under her elbow, he found it so tiny and round and smooth that his hand slipped off and clinched into a fist about two inches below her elbow. He quickly dropped his hands beside him again and tried to clear his throat to cover his embarrassment. But, instead of the quiet manly tone he had expected to produce, there floated out from somewhere above his mouth the high twang of a tenor tuning fork. Hastily, he reached again for Nellie, but evidently he had miscalculated the distance between them, or his arm had grown since he had played with Dad's razor that morning, for his hand reached her sooner than he expected, and he bumped her slim arm with enough force to knock her compact from her open palm. It

struck the floor and rolled to the wall, leaving a trail of shattered glass. With sickened gaze Beverly saw that it was the compact that Jack had given Nellie. Oh, why had he come to the old party anyway!

Nellie looked up at him indignant and puzzled. Beverly had acted so queerly to-night that she was not sure whether he intentionally bumped her or not. However, before Beverly could explain, a group had gathered about them. When Jack Henson, who had just come in looking for Nellie, reached the inner circle and saw it was his gift which had been destroyed, he quickly assumed the offensive. "What do you mean by tearing up everything I give Nellie?" he demanded.

This challenge rescued Beverly from his self-consciousness. He stepped out toward Jack in threatening manner and answered, "I haven't torn up anything you've given her, but if I did, would it matter much?"

"You tore up that compact! Don't you dare say you didn't!" Jack was a heavy set boy and could afford to press the argument.

"No, I didn't. Nellie accidentally dropped it. I'll have to get her another one, because this one's no good now." Beverly carefully placed his right toe on the open case and pressed down on it. In an instant Jack sprang out at him, his face and neck hot and red because of the insult shown him. But Beverly, expecting the rush, dropped back against the crowd to eye his attacker speculatively. Bebe was pushing Frank in to stop the two, but just as Frank stepped forward, the lights went out. Jack completed his swing in the dark, and the loud thump-bump of a heavily falling human body resounded along the room. Screams and cries followed, and every one dropped back and huddled next to his neighbor. Above the

noise Mr. Wayne's voice arose urging quiet until some candles were brought. "Where are those two boys who started this brawl?" he asked from the darkness. "Will you step over this way? Right over here and wait with me for the light."

No answer or move was made. After a moment of silence he continued, "All right. Check out, if you'd rather, but it's a cowardly thing to do, boys, and I'll see you sooner or later."

Mrs. Wayne entered with two candles; and as their light flickered down the long room, a form was discovered over against the wall where Beverly and Jack had started their argument. Mr. Wayne ran to the figure and turning it so that the candle light fell over the face he found that it was the unconscious Frank Newcomb. In the dark he had received Jack's blow intended for Beverly. Jack, sensing his mistake, had not been brave to stay and face the facts that light would reveal.

"Where is Beverly?" asked Mr. Wayne. He held his candle aloft and gazed about the frightened party. And suddenly the lights flashed on. Everyone, blinking in the light, released a sigh of relief. Mrs. Wayne and Bebe knelt beside Frank.

"Why, Nellie's gone, too," announced Mr. Wayne after a thorough search of the room.

But out of the Pantry hall-way came Beverly and Nellie, hand in hand and each holding in the free hand a crisp brown doughnut. "I fixed them—the lights," called Beverly triumphantly between bites. "I knew I could if Nellie would just show me the box—the light box, I mean," he added waving his doughnut disconcertingly. He turned to smile at Nellie, and Nellie's answering and trusting smile was like a balm to all the cuts that his newly acquired manhood had received.

"Rebecca," he boomed to the squat, little figure who perched on the edge of a chair at the foot of the long table before him. She looked so absurd, so out-of-place with the narrow, curved back of the chair jutting far above her dull head.

"Rebecca," he repeated, "it is necessary that you go with me." And he pushed the grape-fruit still further from him as he turned his head to glare in the direction of the darkest corner where the morning maid usually hid herself.

But the fat, little figure had swooped the fruit-dish up with fluttering hands.

"I'll get your toast for you," she said simply, wrinkling up her placid face with the unusual exertion of a smile.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," his voice bounded and re-echoed in the deep-ceilinged room, and his face burned red under his grey hair, black-streaked. "What are servants for anyway?"

But, she was gone—almost before he had spoken.

He watched his wife closely as she sat the plate of toast before him and straightened it with her fingers, putting the three pieces directly above each other, like the blocks in a nursery playhouse.

"Rebecca," he began again more quietly, but there was the suppression of deep anger in his voice that she failed to notice, "Tonight, you know, I shall be made national president of the Civitans. The banquet will be somewhat elaborate, but not anything to worry about. Don't you see? It is necessary that you go."

"Oh, George, I couldn't," the voice quavered almost tearfully. "I've never been."

"That's just exactly it. You've never been," he granted calmly. "You've never been anywhere with me. You never care where I go or what I do. If it weren't for our son, or rather, your son, as the case seems to be, no one would ever know that I am married! You slave in the kitchen like a poor man's wife."

"Oh, but I like it," she protested weakly. "And I just couldn't go with you—not tonight."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—because I just couldn't," she finished lamely.

"Very well, if there is no more definite reason than that," and he spoke more slowly than he had ever spoken in all his life, for he weighed each word and let it fall like another leaden weight on the heavy strain that lay between them. "You shall go. No, wait, don't say anything until I finish. If you do not go tonight, I shall never come back here again. I have had almost more than even I can endure." He started, surprised at the absurdity of it all. He looked up to the face opposite him. He was puzzled to see it looking calmly at him as though half-fascinated and not a bit surprised by what he had said.

She did not answer, and the silence seemed to rush in on him and smother him as he waited for her to speak.

Just then, a fresh, young voice, husky and vibrant, broke through the closed door.

"Mother," it called. "Oh, Mother, can you come here—just a minute?"

And Rebecca had disappeared in the direction of the voice almost before its echo had died away in the vast, empty house.

He waited. The minutes dragged on relentlessly, but she did not come back. She would be in the breakfast room—with Don. Don always had his breakfast there. He had said he hated the dining-room. "Stilted!" he always called it. And he did look out of place in the stately old room with its polished table darkly mirroring the tall ceiling and the emptiness and the quiet of its splendor—almost as out of place as his mother—this son of his with his round, soft face, the petulant droop of his lips, and his soft, shallow eyes.

He could see Don's back from the kitchen—his shoulders grotesquely square under a brightly-striped sweater. And he could almost understand the ease with which the boy scraped up a crowd of young things—after dinners, after theatres, when the big house mocked at the bits of gay laughter and the hollow tapping of jeweled heels on faultiness floors. He could almost understand it—with the boy's suppleness and shallow gayety and with Rebecca's eternal slavery in the

kitchen—in the kitchen—in the kitchen.

Rebecca hurried out of the sun-splashed breakfast-room, past the maid who hovered dutifully near the glass-blocked doors, and into the kitchen. She carried a yellow tulip coffee cup in her hand.

"Oh," she breathed up at him, half-startled.

But she went on, slowly pouring the coffee. She took the cup in her hand and half-turned away from him.

"Rebecca," he began. "Don't forget—"

But, "Say, Mother," a huskier voice from the breakfast-room broke in upon them—shattering the strain. "I almost forgot—Can I bring another crowd in tonight, and let's have supper, not dinner, Mom, supper—like we did last time—You know"

"Say, Mom, did you hear me?" And he

pushed his chair back from the gay, round table, spilling his napkin on the floor.

She turned to her husband, her eyes wide and empty.

"I can't go—with you," she whispered.

The cup wavered in her hand, as though unbearably heavy. She put the other hand up to steady it, but the hot coffee had spilled on her fingers, dying them a weak brown.

"I can't go," she whined piteously, "Not even—No! I won't go," she ended clearly. . . .

And she turned to Donald.

"Go back to the breakfast-room, dear. I have your coffee."

"But, Mom, tonight?—You didn't say."

"Tonight? Yes—I'll love that."

Childhood Misconceptions

By MILDRED BARBER

*"Life is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."*



HAT couplet sounds pleasing and logical to the ear, but the time comes when kings become a "Humpty - Dumpty," and the tables are turned. So it is with many of our childhood conceptions; things that seemed so profoundly real to us and formed such a vital part of our childish world have turned out to have an utterly different aspect after our mingling with the world of the grown-ups.

To be personal, one of my first misconceptions began when I was introduced to the use of the telephone. I liked the idea of making people way across town come to answer my number so well that my mother let me call the numbers for her, and then she would do the talking. But soon this desire suddenly lost its pleasure, and I grew simultaneously afraid of the telephone. Why? Because when central had told me that the line was busy, I thought that she said, "The lion was busy." And so for a long while I imagined the telephone exchange as being managed by a moody animal.

My mother, who kept up with the fashions in my young days, was a brave thing, I thought. Every time that she was all dressed up to go visiting, she thrust a long hatpin right through her hat and head,—often with a smile upon her face! I knew that it must hurt her, because I had tried in secret the point of the pin on the palm of my hand, only to acknowledge my lack of fortitude.

Often another hat-pinned lady would come to see us. I used to contribute to the listening part of the conversation, merely because it was rather polite for such of my height, but mainly because I knew nothing to say. Once the stream of

their conversation centered on the lady living next door to us whose continual sadness worried our visitor. Mother agreed that it really was most unfortunate that the neighbor had lost her only child. I immediately had a grim picture of a desert, bare even to the detail of cactus, with a small child in tears wandering over the sands, tragically lost to the rest of the world. It filled me with horror to think that this lady had never been able to find her child, and I believe I hung a little more closely to the apron strings after that.

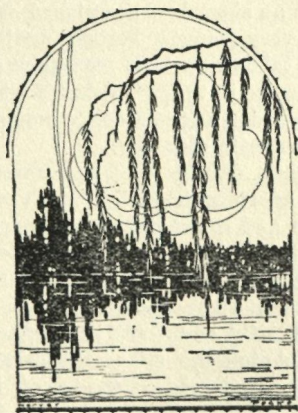
A friend of mine once confided to me that she used to think that spaghetti grew on trees, and that if you swallowed a watermelon seed, presently you would be able to pluck watermelons from the vines issuing from your ears. A present Senior told that she once came to the conclusion that a person grows upward in height until a certain age, and then after that age decreases accordingly. If that were so, some of us might live to greet each other in the crib again some far off day. Then I overheard another girl remarking that there was in her home a picture of her big brother wearing a broad smile, and that long ago she knew that he must become tired grinning all the time. This same girl believed that movie characters were real on the screen, and murders and what-not were genuinely spontaneous and real. Still another reasoned out that our English Prince of Wales had acquired quite a good bit of knowledge since the Biblical days of Jonah.

We could go go forever, smiling over our former foolish ideas. But who can tell that we may be laughing some day at the things we sincerely believe right now?

Fog

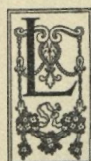
BY MOSELLE BURKE

Fog
Is the ghost of moonlight that died
Too soon
The ghost of the moonlight that threw
Its veil about us that last night
We were together
Pale moonlight that crept away
Too soon
To give place to the morning star
Yes
Fog brings back the memory of your lips against mine
The memory of the pain of loving you
Fog is a ghost——



Just Tony!

BY ELIZABETH WILDE



LUCILE sat on the porch of the Club House and surveyed her world. It was a world of green velvet with a sparkling pool at its heart. About the edge of the pool, wicker chairs and round tea tables tempted beneath a galaxy of foolish and gay sun-shades. This green and silver and striped - sunshade world was the setting in which white-haired dowagers held court among the pastel georgettes and smooth coiffures of the young married women, and the American youth in white flannels and striped blazers paid a different sort of court to curly-haired debutantes in short frocks of blue, scarlet, tangerine, and green.

Lucile smoked a cigarette in an absurdly long holder and watched a very young matron in a quaint blue dress take graceful leave of three impressive ladies in the pleasantly-staid royalty of lavender silk. She was quite sure that Antoinette did not dress with that maddening, dainty perfection for sheer love of adornment. She was fastidious by nature and could hardly have helped being dainty—but the time and thought required by such picture-book clothes—well, that was something else again. Lucile smoked lazily, and her black eyes examined Antoinette closely from behind the siren screen of her oriental lashes.

Honey-colored hair that wound softly about her small head and blew in tempting curls about her face, pansy eyes with a baby's ridiculously soft, dark lashes—Antoinette was not properly appreciative of herself. Not even her girlish figure, in this age of dieting, had given her the confidence natural to a beautiful woman.



Lucile, the wise and cynical, suspected her of being proud of her small feet. Often when Antoinette heard Carlton's step in the hall, she would look at her feet, a swift appealing look, asking for reassurance. Lucile simply hated to see Carlton and Antoinette together. "Antoinette," indeed! She had been Tony in college. But it was just like the fortune-favored Carlton to marry the darling, the whimsical, the appealing Tony, and proceed to set her among

white-haired house wives, and chain her with the full length of her name! She had seen Antoinette look at Carlton with the nervous concern of a puppy that loves his master but is eternally uncertain how that devotion will be received. Lucile extinguished her cigarette, grinding it fiercely against her saucer, and decided it was time she called on Antoinette at Roselands. She had always suspected that Carlton would never make that child happy.

Quite unconscious of being the object of so much concern, Antoinette drove off at a reckless pace. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes shone with expectancy. She was quite oblivious to the serene beauty of the Georgian house and its perfect surroundings as she swung into the drive-way. Donald, the dearest of the boys in her college crowd, had taken to raising collies to show, and he had promised to bring one over at tea-time. He said she needed a guardian for that big place, and he knew just the dog she wanted.

There was Donald's yellow roadster, and there was Donald himself, walking up and down her precious terrace. And there was the collie, fluffy white and gold,

with alert ears and friendly tail, pacing beside him. The complete unity of mood evident in dog and man amused Antoinette. At the sound of her laugh, Donald turned and came to meet her. The dog was introduced as Glengarry Laddie. His new mistress fondled his ruff and gazed into his dark eyes with quick appreciation of his beauty.

"He's a beauty, and I love him already, Don. You were angel to give him to me. I don't know much about dogs, but it seems to me he'd win all the ribbons at any dog show, and maybe a big cup, too. Are you sure he's not too valuable to give away?"

"He is a pretty fellow, Tony, but hardly a show dog. He's—er—er—he's too sensitive. He needs affection and droops among strangers. So he's no account on the bench. I've been worried about him, but I know he'll be happy with you. He's fallen for you already. Got my sympathy, old fellow, or I should say, my envy." The teasing in his voice changed to sadness, escaping beyond repression as he watched Antoinette put both arms around Glen's neck and press her cheek against the soft fur. He looked quickly away, then said composedly:

"Got to run along, Tony. I just came to introduce you two. He'll be a willing slave to you now. I gave Parsons the instructions for feeding the brute. Hope Carlton will like the dog. But, remember, it's *your* pet."

"Carlton will be crazy about him, I know. Thank you so very much for old beautiful. You must have dinner with us soon."

"Gee, Tony, that would be great. Mother's out of town, and there's a new cook in charge." Donald gestured helplessly.

"You poor dear. Let me see—this is Tuesday. Suppose you come to dinner Friday night. I'll call Lucile and have her, too. She's so hard to get hold of. I see hardly anything of her, but maybe I'll have better luck this time—" Antoinette's voice surrendered to a sigh, as she thought what a difference being married made to seeing your friends. Lucile and Don had been in and out of her mother's house all the time, but now. With a swift smile

she recalled her thoughts and held out her hand to Don.

"Good-bye, and thank you again."

"Look for me Friday then, me and bad luck. Good-bye, old fellow, take good care of her for me." The dog leaped up and placed his paws against Donald's chest, licking frantically at his face, touched, it seemed, by that note of suppressed sadness in Don's voice. Antoinette watched them a minute, ill at ease in the presence of some unspoken force. Then Don laughed and gently pushed the dog away. Turning sharply on his heel, he walked to his car without another word.

Glen lay on the polished floor and watched Antoinette dress for dinner, with interested eyes. As she turned away from the mirror, flower-like in her ruffled frock of wildrose chiffon, with jeweled shoulder straps, Glen wagged his tail in admiration and sniffed at her satin slippers. Carlton had once told Antoinette that she had a perfect lady's foot, small, high-arched and slender, and she had treasured that approving remark.

Carlton heard the sound of his wife's high-heeled slippers on the stairs as he entered his living room by way of the French windows opening on the terrace. He tossed his hat into a chair and walked to the foot of the stairs. He wore a dark blue suit and a tie with just enough rich color in it. His light hair was brushed back until it shone, and he stood erect, as he waited for the first glimpse of this treasured possession of his. There was a suggestion of restraint and control about him. He really wanted to rush to meet her, but his father had never spoiled his mother's graceful entrances, so he waited obedient as ever to the ideals his mind had woven from memories. His fine eyes, the contemplative, thoughtful eyes of a lawyer, indeterminate in color, varying from gray to blue in response to the intensity of his moods, were fixed on the turn of the stairs, where he would first see Antoinette. His clear-cut features, severely classic in repose, warmed and softened in the charmingly boyish smile as he thought how well the quaint name suited her, so small and dainty, such a little queen of beauty, and so sweetly unconscious of it.

Suddenly his forehead wrinkled into a puzzled frown. What was that other sound on the stairs? A curious clicking patter. What could Antoinette be dragging behind her? She could be so utterly childish at times.

"Carlton! What a delightful surprise to have you home early! How did the trial come out?" Antoinette abhorred the sordid transactions of the courts but offered Carlton an attempted interest in his occupations in exchange for his indulgence of her irresistible impulse toward playfulness. She placed a hand on each of her husband's shoulders and kissed him. Glen walked down the remaining three stairs and waited.

"What's all this, Antoinette? Have we got company, when I wanted to have dinner just with you?"

"No, Carlton, Glen's not company. He's part of the family. Isn't he a beauty? Donald gave him to us, and I love him to death already."

"Donald gave him to us? Kind of him, I must say, Antoinette," sternly, catching her by the arm, "get up from the floor this minute. You'll get those ruffles of yours dirty. Dogs belong out of doors, especially such big ones. If I had known you wanted a dog, I'd have gotten you one. Not such a big brute though. Mother had a pekinese. That dog is too big for you."

Glen pressed close to Antoinette, standing forlornly in the hall, watching her lord and master ascend the stairs to dress for dinner. He did not like that man's tone.

"Never mind, Glen, I love you, and you're just right. Who wants a poodle? Come on out on the terrace. That's the most alive part of this house, especially when the stars begin to come out, and the sky is still bright, and the birds are singing."

"Where is your dog going to sleep, Antoinette? Carlton inquired of his wife, looking severely at her down the stately length of the table. It was hard to be separated from her, but he loved to see her there in his mother's place, the lady of the house. Couldn't Antoinette learn that she was his wife, the mistress of all the beauty he could lay at her feet, and

not just a child playing at house-keeping? It was so wonderful to him to think of her ruling over Roselands, beloved by his mother's friends. He wished she could feel that way about it.

Antoinette was looking at him, flushed in the candle light.

"He can sleep on a cushion outside our door. He's a watch-dog, you know."

"Oh! A watch-dog? Well he's just too big for the house, Antoinette, and if you are nervous, I'll put my automatic under the pillow." Carlton touched the bell.

"Parsons, make the dog a bed in the garage, and have a house and a run-way built for him in the yard tomorrow."

Glen looked at his mistress with worried eyes, as the butler withdrew. He sensed that something was wrong. Antoinette looked from her husband to her dog, and tears came into her eyes. She had thought Carlton would like the dog. He was fond of horses, and a collie was a man's dog. Donald had looked so fine, such a sportsman, with the big dog. Carlton looked his displeasure at her tears and finished his dessert in silence. Glen laid his nose across his lady's tiny slipper.

After dinner, Parsons came in with a leash and took Glen to the garage. Antoinette was afraid to prolong the parting with her pet under the servant's eyes, ashamed to show her agitation. She went to the piano and played softly Carlton's favorite piece. After all, Carlton was probably right, he usually was, and it was silly of her to place a dog above her husband's wishes. Carlton dismissed the dog from his mind and came and sat beside her. Antoinette felt again that certain friends of hers would love him, if they could see him in such a charming mood. But Glen howled in the garage, and Carlton seemed not to hear. He was telling about his next case. Her anger, caused by pity for the young dog's loneliness, rose, and she could not listen. It was all very well for Carlton to forget the dog, once it had been placed where he ordered it to be, but she could not bear to think of Glen alone out there in the dark. Carlton was surprised and displeased when she pleaded a head-ache and left him to read his paper alone. The dog's howls ceased

almost at once. A small figure crouched beside Glen in the darkness of the garage and shared his feeling of loneliness.

"Donald is coming Friday, Glen, and we'll have a real romp. But you must be quiet till then, or I'm afraid Carlton will send you away."

Donald was coming Friday, Antoinette thought to herself, and she and Glen rejoiced. Carlton read the paper alone.

The unearthly sweetness of Antoinette and the dignified courtesy of Carlton, with the extreme consciousness of Glen's invisible presence, were becoming unbearable by Friday. Lucile had accepted, and Donald was coming, of course. So Antoinette decided to have dinner a little bit early, so they could have it on the terrace in the sweet summer twilight. She planned it all carefully. It should be like the cozy home picnics she and Lucile and their dates had enjoyed so very much. Glen, as a special exception, should be present. Carlton could hardly object, at least not before Don, and afterwards—well, a good fuss would be a relief after the remote treatment he had been according her. "Just as if I were the lawyer for the opposition at the crisis of the case," she observed to herself with an injured sniff.

So Carlton was urged by Antoinette to hurry home, because there would be a surprise at dinner. He was visibly relieved by the natural gaiety of her tone, and his parting kiss was more affectionate, less a formal courtesy than it had been since Glen came to live at Roselands, which was undoubtedly one reason why Antoinette rushed through her preparations so lightly heartedly.

Carlton came in through the front door and went straight upstairs to dress, so he did not observe the gay table on the terrace, nor did he see Antoinette's mischievous face peeking at him through the French window.

When he came down the stairs again, he heard voices on the lawn. There were Lucile, Donald, and Antoinette, all engaged in spoiling that darn pup. Carlton could not stand Lucile—too radical, all that live-your-own-life stuff. He did wish Antoinette would break off their friendship. Lucile was devilishly fascinat-

ing, but bad company for his wife. And what did Donald mean, giving Antoinette that dog? If his estate needed a protector, he could furnish it with one. Don had better stay away from him. He was still entirely too crazy about Antoinette. Carlton was in a thoroughly bad mood as he joined his wife and their guests, and he showed it by his reserved manner. Carlton was waiting for the dinner bell, when he could make them see Antoinette as his wife, against the stately background of his mother's dining room.

"That dog is such a beauty! Don't you think so, Carlton?" Lucile inquired, watching Glen retrieve a stick thrown by Don, under Antoinette's admiring gaze.

"The pup is all right, but rather an unnecessary addition to Antoinette's household cares."

Lucile laughed with infinite enjoyment. Carlton figeted and ground his heel into the dirt.

"Sorry, Carlton, but the picture of Toney with 'household cares' was too good. Look at her now, and see how well she fits that scheme."

Antoinette was coming toward them, her hyacinth blue organdy dress taking on a mystic tint in the fading light, her cheeks peach-flushed, and her eyes almost black with excitement. Her hair curled damply about her forehead and seemed to shine with a light of its own. The proud Glen walked before, carrying the stick, and Don formed an admiring escort.

"That child, a house wife. You ask too much, Carlton."

"I beg your pardon, Lucile. She is not a child. She is my wife and perfectly suited to performing the duties of hostess and mistress of my house." This speech sounded stilted even to his own ears. But he couldn't say what he wanted to in polite language.

"She is indeed perfect in this setting, Carlton. But you are making a mistake to think of her as performing duties. She doesn't. It is her beauty and her charm that make her so much a part of all this, and you try to invest her with efficiency and sedateness. Tony is a born hostess."

Luckily, the gong sounded just then, and spared the outraged Carlton the ne-

cessity of answering. But it did not lessen his dislike of that absurd nickname. It did not in the least soothe his indignation when Antoinette lead the way to the terrace, instead of the dining room. He was blind to the exquisite beauty of the table, with its iridescent glass ware, its center piece of larkspur and roses, and the graceful little favors at each plate. Donald, however, was not so unappreciative.

"What a lark, Tony! You've fixed it like the spreads we used to have!" He rose, with an air of comic gallantry, waving his glass of ginger-ale impressively. "With your kind permission, sir—a toast to Tony. Long may she rule!"

"To Antoinette," acknowledged Carlton stiffly, drinking his gingerale as if it were the most serious pursuit of his life.

The meal progressed, Lucile and Donald playing up to Antoinette's efforts to be gay. But Carlton was the uninterested looker-on, concerned with the precision with which he was wielding his knife, fork, spoon, and napkin.

While they waited for Parsons to bring the dessert, Lucile lit a cigarette.

Carlton thought of his mother and her abhorrence of all things unladylike. Here, on the terrace of his home, his wife watched her friend smoke and did not mind it at all. Ordinarily, Carlton would not have noticed it. All of the young women at the Club smoked, and he was perfectly willing they should so long as Antoinette didn't. Tonight, however, it contributed to his feeling of outrage. At this inopportune moment, Glen, who had lain quietly at the other end of the terrace, pattered over to the table. He was greeted joyously by Donald and Antoinette, as a welcome distraction. They began to teach him to sit up and beg. Lucile watched them with affectionate indulgence in her face. It was the first time Antoinette had looked unself-conscious since that meal began. In the process, Donald overturned his glass of ginger-ale, and the golden liquid splashed across Antoinette's tiny blue satin slipper. Carlton could contain himself no longer.

"Parsons!" he shouted. "Take that damn dog out of here and chain him up."

Donald clenched his fist, as he saw the

tears in Antoinette's eyes. Lucile crushed the flame out of her cigarette and rose. Antoinette went with her to get her wrap. Donald and Carlton were left glaring at each other.

"For God's sake, Lee—I don't care about the dog, I'll take him back if you really wish it, but can't you stop trying to change Tony? You'll only make her unhappy. You don't know how lucky you are to win her. She's all that any man could want. She'll grow old and dignified soon enough. If you had the sense of that dog over there you'd thank your luck, getting her at all. There's plenty of others who would have been only too glad to have seen her turn you down." The unhappy sincerity in his voice was convincing, disarming.

Carlton pitied the man who evidently adored Antoinette and had lost her. Suppose he should lose her—Just as that dread thought crossed his mind, Lucile's throaty voice drifted out to them.

"You are quite worn out, honey. Come on home with Cile, and we'll put you to bed just like old times. You can bring Glen, too. Come on, honey, a night of rest and getting away from what's worrying you will do you good." Lucile put her arm around Antoinette and faced Carlton, as they came through the wide window together. "I've been trying to get Tony to go home with me. She's quite done up."

Carlton looked at her unhappily. How could he see Antoinette go off with Lucile and leave him? What would Roselands be like without her. Would she leave him? He looked anxiously at Antoinette. She was looking down at her stained slipper, and there was a tired droop to her pretty mouth and a helpless look about the dark lashes, lying against her cheek.

"Do you want to spend the night with Lucile, Tony?" He asked, with a curious huskiness in his voice as he gave her the gay little name.

Antoinette, who had been thinking that her feet were all Carlton really approved of, looked up, startled by the surrender implied in that word. She did not want to leave him, to leave Roselands, even for one night, even to be a school girl again with Lucile. Even if Carlton had spoiled

her party, he was her husband, and she should have thought more about his wishes, and probably he was tired after that hot day in court.

"Thank you, Lucile, but I don't think I'd better. Carlton and I are both tired, and I think I'd better not leave him. I'm afraid his case and the heat together have given him a headache. I'm going to doctor him, and if I go with you, he won't do a thing for himself."

Donald sighed, shook her hand, then Carlton's, and helped Lucile down the steps to his car. "She loves him, Cile, and they'll work it out somehow. Did you hear

him call her Tony? There's sense in that man, and he'll wake up now."

Carlton caught Antoinette in his arms, there on the terrace she loved, in the purple twilight spangled with stars. "I couldn't have stood it—if you had gone with them. Can you forgive me, dear? I've been a regular bear. You're quite perfect as you are, my Tony, and I won't fuss any more. It would have been a lovely party—. Oh, Tony, I love you so. That's why I want everyone to think of you as my wife. I've been selfish. Everyone will always think of you as Tony. My beautiful Tony."

The Man With the Bag

BY MARJORIE ROYAL



IN a small, dirty cafe in a remote corner of Chicago, the Cat was sitting—the notorious Cat of the city's underworld. He was talking to four accomplices in a low voice, his shifty eyes darting from their hard, crafty faces to a man sitting in another part of the room. This man had massive shoulders, a large head and luxuriant black hair. There was a kindly look in the gentle blue eyes strangely out of keeping with his huge physique. Perhaps he would not have gazed so serenely about him had he known that the Cat was at that moment plotting against him. For on the wall by the door of the cafe was tacked a notice: "\$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the Cat, notorious gangster." On the notice appeared a photograph of the Cat but it would be hard to recognize the man at the table, talking rapidly to his comrades as the man in the picture, for since that picture had been made, five years ago at the state penitentiary, the Cat had shaved his beard and over the small, yellow eyes that had probably given him his name he wore large shell-rimmed glasses which magnified them to twice their size.

"Youse see that big guy over there," the Cat was saying, "Well, he brung in a bag and that bag's got money in it—big money." His audience gasped.

"But say, Cat, how—"

"Shet up Blabmouth, don't talk so loud, you fool," snapped the Cat. "Don't ask me how I know. That is my business. But anyhow, that bag's got money in it. Well, the gag is this. We are going to relieve thet bird of his bag."

Blabmouth, so called by his acquaintances because of his loud voice and his inability to tone it down, began talking animatedly until his four companions shut him up.

"Now, lissen, Blabmouth," the Cat spoke menacingly, "you jam this business

and we will bump you off instead of him." Blabmouth subsided.

The plans progressed. They would all follow the big fellow from the cafe and when they reached a dark spot they would take the bag and, incidentally, "bump off" the owner. "Dead men tells no tales," said the Cat sagely.

Eventually the intended victim arose and started out, five men watching him, four of them unapparently. As he passed within a few feet of their table, Blabmouth, thinking that his pardners were not noting their man's exit exclaimed loudly, "There he goes, Cat."

The big man with the bag turned and gazed at them the expression in his eyes unchanging. When he reached the door he stopped and looked intently at the notice on the wall. "\$10,000 reward for information—" Before going out he turned and looked at the group again.

When the Cat and his gang reached the door the man was not in sight. A minute later the shrill call of the police siren was heard. The Cat, his eyes filled with fear of capture and desire of revenge on Blabmouth, whispered a word of instructions to the man at his side and flew to cover.

Late that night when the city was asleep three men took Blabmouth for a ride. His loud, pitiful pleas for mercy were unheeded. Down by the moonlit waters of Lake Michigan they "bumped him off" for squealing. His crook's body, weighted with lead, sank into the water. His crook's soul descended into a crook's hell.

For two weeks the Cat remained in hiding. Then as nothing happened he grew bold and ventured forth into the night. The Cat was never afraid of what might follow as long as he knew that it was not following. So back he went to his old haunts and pulled his old games.

One night as he was standing on a quiet corner waiting for one of his accomplices

he saw approaching a familiar figure. He recognized the massive shoulders, large head and luxuriant black hair of the man with the bag. The Cat pulled his cap further down over his eyes and stood still. The man drew nearer. When he was a few yards away a small newsboy ran up to the big man.

"Mister, buy a paper. All about the Newbury scandal. Three cents, mister," the boy pleaded.

The man disdained the paper but tossed the boy a coin.

"No spika da Engleesh," said the man with the bag.

"On Dress-Parade"

BY ELIZABETH McMAHON



IS' IZZBELL! Come 'ere quick—I've bus' it agin!"

Isabella Kingston straightened her slight self in her chair with the dignity possible only to a college freshman home on her first vacation, glanced disgustedly at her mother, and pronounced with the solemnity of a judge issuing a death sentence, "You may come in here, Anna, if you wish to see me, and—" as the wide doorway disappeared behind the vast form of a fat negress, clad in a much beruffled white apron, who was vainly attempting to hold a frilled white cap on her head, "and remember, Anna, my name is Isabella."

"Yas'm." Annie waddled in the direction of the library table. "Yas'm, Mis' Izzballa, I keeps fergitting 'cause, law's honey, you war Izzbell so much longer. I's been used to call you 'Izzbell' ever sence you war a brat, and all sudden-like to have it sprunged on me to call you 'Izzbella' and wear this contrayption on me haid—I 'clare, honey, it have made a

wreck o' me. Mis' Lucy, huccome you doan ever fergit an' call her Izzbell?"

Mrs. Kingston moved with difficulty her short, well-corseted form from the depths of her big chair. "Perhaps I do, Annie. But I suppose that, since it means so much to her, we ought to try to remember, don't you think?"

"Yas'm." Annie's face was motionless.

"What's the matter, Annie? Has your cap come off again?"

"Yas'm, Mis' Lucy, it's this dang thing—it am busted agin. I can't keep it on no way. Lemme take it off, Mis' Lucy."

"What do you say, daughter?"

"Don't be ridiculous, mother. Of course Annie—Anna, I mean—must wear the cap."

"Annie suits me jest as well, Mis' Izzbell—Izzballa—" and her wrinkled face showed disappointment because her witicism did not seem to appeal to her young mistress. She added hastily, "But I do wish you'd let me keep this yere cap off, pleas'm."

Isabella's face was implacable—and

Annie played her trump card. "Mis' Izz-balla, I needs me haid to think with while I's doing all this fancy cooking fer your visitor. I cain't do no thinking no'how with me haid all tied up in this folly-de-rot. Pleas'm doan make me wear it no more."

Isabella stamped a small foot impatiently. "Don't say another word about that cap, do you hear? As long as Jane is here you will—shall—will—wear it; and that—" this with the finality of a small girl to her best bisque doll. "And that ends it."

"Yas'm, Mis' Lucy, I guess you'd better put the dang thing on agin," and she bowed her head disconsolantly while Mrs. Kingston pinned the cap in place. Suddenly she straightened. "Say, Mis' Izz-bell, is this what they larn you at that furnishing school what you ottended?"

Isabella flushed and, to hide her embarrassment, smiled amusedly. She always smiled amusedly. Not that she was ever particularly amused—she wasn't. But then one has only to be ever so slightly amused to smile amusedly—and it was a smile she had practised many times before the mirror. "Your language, Anna, is atro—atro—awful. You should be ashamed to talk so—Miss Jane's cook has a college education."

"Yas'm. What I said ain't kerect?"

"That will do"—impatiently. "Go on back to the kitchen—"we're very busy—"go on, I say."

"Yas'm. I'm going now." And she moved toward the door with the slow indifference of a servant who has lived many years with her white folks.

"Hurry up, Annie."

"Yas'm." At the door she paused. "Mis' Izzbell, I guess the reason you is a little upso't is 'cause Marse Jimmy done come to take Mis' Jane fer to ride so much stead o' you. Doan you mind—"

"Get out of here you—you," and Isabella choked with rage while Annie fled—forgetting for once in her life her customary "Yas'm."

"That damn nigger—"

"Isabell!"

"I mean it. I told you before Jane came

that it would ruin her visit for Annie to stay here. But no, you wouldn't let her go. You were willing to disgrace your daughter before her own college room-mate rather than fire an ole nigger—negro—just because she's been with you ever since you married. You are willing to—"

"That will do, Isabel. No, don't correct me—you were christened Isabel—and I — and furthermore Annie hasn't disgraced you with Jane at all. She was telling me only yesterday how she wished her mother had so faithful and industrious a servant—said that they were tired to death with the slovenly way their college-educated—as you call her—maid seasoned things. Now you've magnified everything she has done since Jane came that didn't suit you exactly—and it has to stop."

"But mother—"

"It has to stop, I say!"

Isabella checked an almost overpowering impulse to snicker and say, "I heard you the first time." But she didn't dare. Instead she substituted, "It isn't as if I couldn't have that silly Jimmy Blake any time I wanted him. I suppose everybody in town is thinking the same thing. People can't seem to realize that I have completely outgrown Jimmy. He hasn't done a single thing but stay right here ever since he finished high school—"

"Jane seems to find him very interesting."

Isabella eyed her mother suspiciously, wondered vaguely if she were trying to pump her, decided that she probably wasn't, and continued furiously, "Well, you know as well as I that the only reason he comes here to see Jane is to try to persuade her to influence me to change my mind about him. I wish I had broken with him two weeks instead of two days before Jane came. Then I guess folks would realize that I threw him down because I didn't want to be bothered with him while Jane was here."

"Bothered with him?" Mrs. Kingston was rapidly learning things about her daughter.

"Well you see, mother, it isn't as if Jimmy had ever done anything really big—like playing on a big football team."

winning an inter-collegiate debate, or even just going to school and making a good fraternity. When I got home this year I realized that I had just simply outgrown Jimmy—and when Jane wrote that she was coming in two days I decided to break with him. Aw, mother, you know, how it was. There wasn't any use of advertising the fact that the boy I had been going with nearly all my life had never even been to college. And so, to get him conveniently out of my way, I broke up with him—and now everybody thinks he dropped me for Jane—" and her usually shrill voice rose to a wail.

There was something pitifully disconsolate about Isabella as she realized that her pet scheme to keep her room-mate from meeting Jimmy Blake had hopelessly failed. Why hadn't she remembered before it was too late that Jane knew Jimmy before she came there to visit? It was all so plain now. The day they had unpacked their trunks at school, Jane had said as Isabella—she was "Isabell" then—took a picture out of her trunk, "Why, isn't that Jimmy Blake?" And Isabella had answered in the affirmative—and had gone on to rave—as girls will—about how much in love with him she was. Jane had said no more—but she had not waited long after she reached Covington to inquire about him. Darn, why hadn't she remembered? Of course, Jimmy had told her every thing. Of course Jane was trying to be a little match-maker. Of course—"

The voice of Isabella's mother called her out of her reverie. "Isabella, you must help me with these lists—we have them only half-way made out, and Jane is leaving day after tomorrow, she says. Goodness, it's nearly five-thirty. They'll be back before we finish if we don't hurry. There's Ellen Bradford, and Mary and Laura Owens—"

"Wait—I've changed my mind." Isabella's voice was imperious. "I've decided not to have the farewell party for Jane after all; instead I'll substitute a dinner for her tomorrow night and have the men too. I guess I will show these cats in this

town that I can have Jimmy if I want him."

And she hastily scribbled names on a piece of paper as she thought, "Yes, I guess I'll wear the blue—it may not be as new, but it is certainly more becoming, and Jimmy always raved when I wore blue. And I'll get my hair waved by Antione. And we can have fruit cocktail—and darn Annie, she'll probably—oh, I know what I'll do—I'll have a regular mannish dinner with all the things that men like and none of the things they think are silly." And she congratulated herself on her wisdom, and unconsciously said aloud, "A year of experience certainly broadens one." Mrs. Kingston heard, but bewildered by the turn things had taken, said nothing.

"There," Isabella said as she handed a list to her mother. "That's who I am going to have to my dinner—and will you tell Anna for me that we are going to have a regular mannish dinner, with loads of fried chicken, hot rolls, and—"

But she was interrupted by the sound of a horn as a chic cream and tan sport model drove up to the door and stopped. Many thoughts ranged through Isabella's head in the second that followed. They mustn't find her here doing nothing. Jealousy—ah, that was the thing—that was the way everybody at school had said was the best way to win back a wandering man. But how? Oh the telephone. She rushed to it madly, took down the receiver and by the time Jimmy and Jane entered the room she was calmly saying, "Why Bill, I think that is lovely of you. No, not tomorrow night—I have other plans. But—why yes Friday night will be just fine. So sweet of you—wondered where you had been." Jimmy and Jane were in the room now talking to Mrs. Kingston; Jane had removed her sheer summer hat from her auburn hair and Jimmy was grinning delightedly and talking with the easy assurance which is born of constant approval. Isabella continued at the telephone—Jimmy simply must notice that she was talking. "Why, oh no, I won't forget, Bill—Friday

night—then." What was it Jane was saying?

And so we just drove up to the parsonage and got married." What in the—

The telephone crashed from Isabella's hand, "Who got married? What are you saying? Jimmy, what is she saying?"

Jimmy looked a trifle nervous, but he managed to say, "Well, you see Jane and I got married this afternoon and—"

Jimmy was saying something else, but Isabella could not hear him. All she could realize was that Annie stood in the door, that she had heard—and that her face was mocking her. Above all, she mustn't let Annie know that she cared. What was Jimmy saying? "You see, Bel,

Jane and I really owe a lot to you. If you hadn't had her down here this summer we might never have married. We were drifting apart."

"You mean?"

"I mean that ever since I met Jane two years ago I have known she was the one girl in the world for me. Wasn't it funny that the girl she should happen to room with at school would be my best friend—"

"Marse Jimmy," Annie had pushed herself through the door. "Marse Jimmy, have that cyar o' yourn got a ramble seat on it? Cause I's a going with you an' Mis' Jane. I's worn all the white caps I's a going to wear!"

Fancy

SARAH ERWIN



HERE are times when we are borne down, not so much by the evil of things as by their eternal sameness, even goodness, it may be, and we feel that we are nothing but the victims of an ancestral system, fitted tightly into the wheels of posterity. Then, within the next hour, we have boarded the dream-train of thoughts and ridden over shining rails spun from fumes of fancy into Cloudland or Happy Valley, the Land of Prester John, the Kingdom of Nicomicon, or whatever you may have conjured up for your own private fairy land.

Once, after a long excursion into an illusory land spread in fabulous splendor over the pages of my history book, I suddenly came back to the object before me and realizing my lost opportunity to study, I wished "in a fine frenzy" that I had been born without an ounce of fancy. "Or do you measure fancy by ounces?" I wondered immediately. "More likely it comes in clouds," and in another reverie I began to devise a measuring pot for fancy. That is the way she floats in your mind. Unless you follow her along in her conceits, she will capture and weave about herself those very thoughts you placed upon her to enable you to resist her.

This is more true of the night fears and phantoms which we view while passing through a weird, notional land on the unreal back of a night-mare, bridled and saddled for us by our own excogitation. No one else knows the terror that held me in unyielding arms through many nights, while unwillingly fascinated I cudgled my brains to improvise freakish visions. I know that I could be a huge inspiration to a fearless man who expects a woman to be a little afraid, for all my life I have had to stand forth in a shining coat of bravery before my little brother who was not so fearless about meeting the unsubstantial myths of night as I was. My family had a strange persuasive pow-

er over me in the light of day. I actually believed that the fancied creatures of night were not so thick as a sun-light shadow, but when I led the way up the stairs at night, I found that my coat of bravery was put on in scales that fell from me at every sound and movement, like the scales from a dead fish's back. After several timorous steps on the creaking floor of the sleeping porch, I usually caught a deep breath and with unseeing eyes raced across and leaped into my bed from almost the center of the porch. Then, I would crouch low, and a moment later brother would go flying over me and land in his bed. You see, there was a twelve-handed monster curled up under our beds, and if we came within three feet of the bed, he would reach out a half dozen or so of those hands, snatch us under the bed, roll us up in a round wooden box, and with one puff of breath blow us away to Chunk-a-chink Land. When we were safely in bed, he was powerless to spirit us away; but to get even with us for having cheated him, he would send Pox-o-pill, a mean little pigmie, strong as a giant, who ran a long, sharp knife around the edge of our beds all night. If we should happen to let a hand or a foot hang over the edge, he would cut it off. The only good that ever came from these fears was a nightly practice in broad jumping which, to be sure, has been of some advantage around the mud puddles in the recent wet spell.

But, without regard to the material worth, I name imagination's value as inestimable. How else is this world to be kept young? If the world were allowed no longer to view Fancy in her garden, it would become changed to as unrecognizable a visage as was Arcite when denied the sight of Emelye in her garden. Apply it to yourself. You are considered a fairly conservative and hum-drumly respectable person in your every day life, but the *you* of this existence is an entirely different

person from the *you* who escapes into your chimerical castle. Of course, we all recognize that Quangle-Wangle means absolutely nothing, that the Land of the Jumblies is absolutely nowhere, that Alice never really wandered through Wonder-

land, and that there never was a Dong with a Luminous Nose, but isn't it wonderful to fancy that there was! You know, there has never been anything completely wonderful that has not been touched by fancy.

Romance a la Carte

BY HELEN FLANDERS



MISS Lindy," Mammy poked her black head in at the door of the library—"Miss Lindy, they's a young man ta see ya."

A curly black head and two large blue eyes appeared over the back of a huge leather chair.

"Who is it, Mammy?" a voice slightly impatient queried, the speaker carefully keeping the right place in her book.

"Hit's dat young Mistah Tom, and he's in a pow'ful big hurry, Ah should say."

"Well!" and the voice was angry now. "He can just hurry to take himself right away from here. He's so bossy—not a speck of romance or—or anything interesting at all about him. I simply will *not* see him. Tell him I'm out."

"But, Miss Lindy, how kin Ah say you is not ta home when heah you sits?" Mammy was a devout church-goer with a high regard for truth.

"Botheration! Why can't—oh, all right! I'll be out!" And Lindy flounced out of her chair and over to the window, raised the sash, and climbed out. Once out, she closed the window and repaired to the pretty little summer house to resume her book. Mammy, back at the house, stood still for a moment, then shaking her head despairingly, departed to tell the "unromantic" young gentleman that her young mistress was not at home.

Every one, boys and girls alike, loved Rosalind Reyburn—one simply could not help oneself. It was not because she happened to be the loveliest girl in town and the only child of its wealthiest citizen. Nor yet was it wholly because she possessed a small and dainty figure, perfect complexion, and an adorably kissable mouth—a blue-eyed, black-haired beauty with dreamy eyes that could flash fire. Lindy had charm. She owned that wonderful possession because of her gaiety



and vivacity—even because of her fits of contrary absorption when she would forsake everything and everybody to curl up in her favorite chair with a book. Sometimes, minus the book, she would cancel all dates recklessly just to be alone—"All alone with just me," she would say—and free to weave fascinating dreams.

She found dreams much more interesting than real life. People excused her faults because she was "just Lindy," of whom you never knew what to expect. She was forever searching for romance—something which she never had experienced. Two years before, she had begged to go to a co-ed school (in hopes of finding the missing thrill), but the busy Daniel Reyburn had other plans for his motherless daughter, and Lindy went to a "private school for select young ladies." Now, back at home again, it was worse than ever. But there were the wonderful stories about herself she could make up with her too vivid imagination. That was next best. So Lindy sat, on this afternoon in July, on the rustic bench of the summer house, gazing far away, her discarded book lying upside down on the grass. To look at her, no one would ever guess that she was in a moonlit garden filled with sweet old-fashioned flowers (a fountain, too!), and was blushing modestly while a tall, handsome knight, with soulful and adoring (her, of course) brown eyes, kissed her small hand reverently.

"Well, Miss 'Sit-and-pine-like-a-drooping-vine,' why the sad and rather blank expression of thy lovely eyes?" A teasing voice ruthlessly tore away the misty veil which had separated her from the world, and merry brown eyes, not a bit soulful, laughed into hers. Robert Manning, Jr., next-door neighbor, dropped to the grass at her feet.

"Bob Manning, you—you bug! Because you've known me all my life, is that any

reason why you should pop up out of unexpected places to scare me to death?" Lindy was decidedly annoyed.

"W-a-a-it a minute, young lady," Bob drawled. "I didn't 'pop.' I merely strolled through the gate, through the garden, thence to you—to so grossly interrupt your glorious train of thought, I dare say, of Spanish cavaliers and—"

"O Bob, stop teasing! Can't I even have a little 'think' all to myself if I want to?"

"Sure, so long as you think of me, Lindy love," and Bob stretched out on the grass and blinked lazily up at her.

"You! Who'd sit and dream of you, I'd like to know! My! Imagine one's being in love with you, or for that matter, your even deigning to love some one yourself besides 'Mama'," Lindy laughed as she bent to tweak a lock of his curly brown hair. To her utter surprise her hand was caught and held fast, as Bob suddenly arose and stood before her, his eyes, serious now, filled with a peculiar light.

"Is it really so impossible, Linda Rose?" The new name, spoken in his low tones, thrilled her strangely. "Couldn't you, if you tried very hard, ever be a little bit in love with me?"

"Why—why, Bob, you—you're joking, aren't you?" Lindy drew back in surprise and gazed wonderingly into his face.

"Joking?" The voice broke a little.

"Why Lindy, surely you know I've always loved you—ever since we were kids making mud pies together. I haven't spoken before because I wanted you to have your fun first, but I want you to marry me. I've money and a fine start in Dad's business, and—Oh, Lindy, if you'll just love me, there's nothing I won't do for you."

"B-but I—I can't marry you, Bob." Lindy tried to draw her hand away. She raised her eyes to his but glanced hastily away at the hurt look in them. She felt a lump in her throat. She hadn't known her first proposal would be like this.

"I—why, I never dreamed you cared for me—and I really can't quite believe it yet. We—we've known each other for so long. Why, I know everything about you—how many lumps of sugar you like in your coffee, how you dislike colored

shirts, and a thousand more little things. Is—is love truly like that, do you think?" Lindy continued wistfully. "I think love is something so big and fine that it sweeps all else before it. And what wife wants to know her husband's little habits, and all that, before she marries him? If she did, she mightn't marry him. No, Bob, I know too much about you."

"O, Lindy, couldn't you?"

"Robert Robusto," she spoke his silly little nickname softly, "I'm sorry. Please believe that! I hate to hurt you so, but between us there is no real love and romance; there can't be; and Bob, that engulfing feeling, the big thrill of true love—I can't miss it—I must wait."

"I can't be dramatic. You already know that—as well as everything else about me," Bob said bitterly, "but I can't help loving you always. Not just until I find somebody else, for there has never been any one but you. Remember that." And Lindy, with eyes full of tears, watched him go.

* * * *

Lindy seldom saw Bob now; that rather hurt. They had been the best of chums, and when he had told her he loved her she felt that he had quite spoiled their beautiful friendship. She did not want it spoiled. "People you've known ever since you wore socks shouldn't turn up all of a sudden and ruin everything by telling you that friendship isn't what they want," Lindy figured. However, she would just try to forget, although she felt that she never would. She had changed suddenly that afternoon. The girl that stood looking after Bob as he walked away with his lips pressed tightly together, his eyes so hurt, was not the light-hearted and somehow younger girl who had betaken herself grumblingly to the summer house a mere half hour before.

Bob was listless and preoccupied, and his pals tried in vain to get him to join in their sports. They finally gave up in disgust. What in the world had happened to Bob?

Late one afternoon Phil Stewart was surprised and pleased to see Bob come dashing up the steps, pounce on him, and give him a dig in the ribs that brought

him out of the big porch swing.

"Well, old horse, what's up?" Bob greeted him gaily. "Well? Am I Napoleon Bonaparte suddenly come alive, or merely a pleasing ghost of that famous one? If not, why the not-exactly-warming-you-with-my-charming-smile stare?"

"Well! So it's old 'Robert Robusto,' looking like he 'uster' before he got smitten by the evil eye." Phil grinned as he slapped him on the back delightedly.

"Evil eye, nothin'! Maybe I was thinking over a business deal. Come on, don't stand there gaping like a bloomin' idiot. Let's go and break the speed law in my new boat," and grabbing his friend's arm, Bob marched him down to a handsome low roadster of a flashing red.

"Whew! Some car!" Phil whistled as he climbed in. "Never saw one of this sky-blue pink before. How long have you had 'er?"

"She just arriv'. You're the first to cast your eye on her beauty. Say nothin', old son; just listen and you shall hear—not of the ride of Paul Revere, however," Bob chuckled, as he started the car. Without speaking they rode swiftly along, and were out in the open country in a few minutes, Bob broke the silence. "Phil, old scout, you're the best pal I ever had. I wonder if you would care to help me out with something very important?"

"Sure thing you know." Phil's voice was casual, but Bob knew that he meant it.

Night found them still speeding along with faces animated and intent on the topic they were discussing.

* * * *

Lindy sat curled up in the big library chair when Mammy entered bearing a letter.

"For me, Mammy?" Lindy inquired listlessly. "Thanks. Hmm—postmarked Ravenwood. Who in the world here can be writing me? Guess it's an invitation. Mammy, don't forget my apricot tarts for luncheon, please, old dear."

"Ah won't, Miss Lindy baby; you can sho' bank on me." And Mammy waddled out chuckling.

Lindy broke the seal and looked at the letter, which lacked a heading. Her cheeks

flushed, and her eyes deepened almost to black with excitement as she read:

"Princess of my heart,

"One day I saw you coming down the street, your step light and gay. Your eyes were shining with the joy of living—your cheeks were pink, and your red lips were parted sweetly. One soft little curl had been blown into your eyes, and you paused to tuck back the truant. I had ample time to study you, and as you passed on, a light that had been kindled in my soul went out, but it left a warmth that was not there before.

"I loved you! I wished passionately that your thoughts, so clearly pleasing to you, could be of me—but impossible! I am merely an unknown on whose shoulders life has placed too many of her cares. Think not of me as bold, wicked, but as a heart-hungry man who knows a bit of joy again because of you.

"I may see you only as you walk about the streets. Perhaps I shall not be afoot—perhaps I may only brush your shoulder in a crowd, but that is something. The world is not so utterly cruel, for some kind fate permits me to write you, but merely to sign myself,

"The Black Knight."

* * * *

"Som'pin's pow'ful wrong with my Miss Lindy—som'pin sho' is. Jes' look at 'er, look at 'er, I say!" Mammy was talking to herself as she stirred a blue bowl of cake batter. "She don' eat nuthin' 'tall—don' want to do nuthin'—'cep' look fo' dat air postum whut brings her a letter mos' ev'y day. Who am a-causin' my baby chile ta ac' lak dat? Ah better not ketch 'im." Mammy beat her cake batter as if she were already wreaking her vengeance on that unknown, unfortunate head. "Den dere's Mistah Bob. He haint been ovah heah in de Lawd-knows-when. I sho' is sorry. He's de only one whut's eben *almost* good 'nuff fo' my honey gal. And Miss Patsy a-tellin' Miss Lindy dat he's rushin' a ole blonde flopper or som'pin. Whar's he rushin' her to, Ah'd lak to know! My baby didn't lak dat neder—jes' bit her pretty mouf and frowned. She didn't say nuthin', but Ah kin tell!" Mammy's voice

died away as she disappeared into the dining-room.

Romance had at last come! All day long Lindy thought of the "Black Knight" who wrote her such marvelous letters. Who was he? Lindy didn't know that, but she knew from his letters that he was a perfect gentleman. He was a wonderfully thrilling mystery. Was this love? It seemed like a dream.

Several times as she had been out walking, a handsome red car had suddenly swept by, and she had caught a glimpse of a dark figure at the wheel, of a face half hidden by a slouch hat. Lindy had recalled a line from the first letter from her unknown hero: "Perhaps I shall not be afoot—," and then she knew! It was he. No one in the little suburb of Ravenwood owned a red roadster.

Strangely enough, she was not entirely happy. Her dreams at night were of Bob. She was fearfully angry with herself because she could not forget him. He had certainly "gotten over it," for her best friend, Patsy Miller, had said that he was rushing that horrid little blonde vamp from Florida who was visiting Sally. Bob had always disliked blondes and detested vamps. Disgusting! Patsy, innocently enough, had hurt Lindy with the news. Lindy was not the sort to confide her secret to any one. Bob had not come to see her since he had told her of his love, and she missed him. He had been very cool to her when they met on the street, and this had cut her to the quick. She forgot that she had told Bob she couldn't love him and that she had sent him away. She only realized that a boy she loved—as a pal, of course—could snub her pointedly. Well, she wouldn't let Bob see that she cared at all.

There was to be a masquerade ball Friday night at Phil Stewart's—a big affair—and Lindy, of course, was invited. She could hardly wait, for hadn't her "Knight" written her?

"Dearest, the Fates are too good. I am at last to see you—to talk to you face to face. I shall be at the masked ball, and you are to meet me at midnight by the fountain in the garden. The moon will

be full—oh, beloved, will you come? I shall await you."

Was she going! Moonlight in the Stewarts' beautiful old garden! Could it be true? There was the letter, the written words. She wondered a bit how a stranger could know of the garden with the fountain, or even of the party, but she soon forgot that in dreaming of the night of the masquerade.

* * * *

Lindy stood before the long mirror in her dainty blue-and-white room. A true princess she was, whose gown of white satin was gracefully molded to her slim body. A long train swept the floor, and white satin slippers peeped from beneath the folds of her skirt. She wore a tiny coronet of pearls which gave a regal air to the lovely head.

The doorbell rang, and Mammy went to answer it. Lindy—she was really Princess Rosalinda tonight—gave herself a last look in the mirror and gathering up her train, slowly descended the stairs, wondering who her escort was. Phil only said that he would send her a "blind date," and she had consented readily, thinking it did not matter who took her, so long as she got there. Then she received a shock—there at the foot of the stairway stood Bob, splendidly handsome as a Spanish cavalier. Bob caught his breath as he gazed at her; then, bowing low over her hand, he said lightly:

"Lovely as ever, oh Princess. Do you rule the hearts of men? One could easily believe it." He held her white velvet evening wrap for her and led her out to the waiting car.

Lindy never knew what she said, but Bob talked on easily of different things the whole way over. Her heart was behaving in a queer fashion, and it was not until she came down from the dressing room at the Stewarts' that she remembered with a shock the knight.

As she came into the long hall where they were to dance, she glanced about for Bob. He was nowhere in sight, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she was claimed for the first waltz by a sailor boy.

* * * *

Five minutes to twelve—almost time to

unmask. Phil, a comical Lord Fauntleroy, went out on the front porch of the old colonial mansion and blew a horn lustily, a signal for all promenaders to come to the unmasking. In the bustle, Lindy managed to slip through the casement window and into the garden.

The smooth terraces, luxuriant flowers, and fir trees were bathed in moonlight. It was a night of enchantment. Mysterious shadows lurked here and there as Lindy stole softly along to the end of the garden where the Italian fountain nestled in a group of firs. Her heart was almost suffocating her when at last she stopped a few feet away from the fountain.

A tall figure paced up and down, a figure clad in black, a cape thrown over his shoulders, and a tall black plume waving on his large, soft hat. He was masked, and the hat threw the rest of his face into shadow. He wore a gleaming sword at his side, and silver spurs on his boots. Lindy cried out softly—she was afraid of what she had done now, but it was too late. The figure had turned, and was approaching her swiftly.

"Is it really you?" a low voice murmured. "Oh, wonderful Princess, is it really you?" He dropped to his knees and kissed her hand. "You are worthy to be worshipped, beloved, and certainly you are." He arose and led her to a stone bench.

"W—who are you? I-I guess I-I'm a little frightened," Lindy managed to gasp out. Reality was terrifying, different from an enticing dream.

"I? Perhaps I am Sir Launcelot. Who knows? Don't be afraid. The most important thing is that you are here. Dream girl, dare I hope that you care the smallest bit for one who adores you?—You came." The voice was very low, and the words slightly slurred. He still held her hand, but she tried to draw it away, saying:

"Oh, please—you—you must tell me who you are—your whole story—before I—"

A shout rang out. They heard many voices calling "Lindy!" Something was wrong. Heavy running steps approached, and Lindy leaped to her feet as Phil rushed up gasping, "Come quick, Lindy—Bob—something—happened—"

Lindy stifled a scream and, shaking Phil violently by the arm, cried sharply, "What? Is Bob hurt? Tell me this instant—what's the matter?"

"Can't—must go—they'll need me. You come on immediately." And jerking his arm free, Phil was off again, back to the house.

She was preparing to follow, but a detaining hand was placed on her arm.

"Wait, heart's dearest, I—"

"Can't you see I must go? Bob is hurt. I must go to him." And Lindy struggled to free herself. His grasp tightened, and he slowly asked:

"Who is Bob?" The voice, maddeningly calm, infuriated Lindy.

"You let me go," she fairly screamed. "Who are you to stop me from going to the boy I love? I don't know you, and I don't care to. Turn me loose." She sobbed as she bent to sink her teeth in his hand.

Her purpose was never carried out, for she was seized in strong arms. The hat and mask fell to the grass, and Lindy looked up into the face of—Bob!

"Linda Rose." His voice was infinitely tender, and held a glad note in it. "Do you mean it? Do you love me? Oh, dearest, tell me you do, for I couldn't bear to be disappointed again."

Lindy, for one long moment, stared at him astounded. Then, with a Lindy-like revulsion of feeling, she relaxed in his arms and wept.

"Y-yes, I do love you," she sobbed. I—I—I'm so glad you're you, and not the other—other old—oh, Bob, how could you f-fool me? I—I—I don't care n-now, b-but if you ev-ever m-mention 'B-Black Kn-Knight' to me again, I'll ch-choke you!"

Bob laughed exultantly, winked at the stars, and gathered her into his arms.

EDITORIAL

The Little Theatre Movement



BEAUTY does not die except for lack of love." Does not this statement of Jane Cowl aptly picture the sad neglect and degeneration of the theater of today and the cause of its deterioration?

The theater today is in a state of decadence and corruption, and it is shocking to realize that this ignominy is due directly to the people of this country, the theater's unsympathetic, flippant, and critical audience. This is an age of restlessness and greed. Sophistication, with all its hardness and arrogance, and its close companion, the Scoffer, are stifling the actors, discouraging the playwrights, and crushing the qualities of beauty, wonder, and romance that make up the charm of the theater.

The standard of the plays that are produced and patronized are indicative of the trend of the public's mind and thoughts. Is it not disgraceful that the modern audience forces the playwrights to compose with "one eye on the balance-sheet and the other on the police station, wondering if this or that will shock the public into buying tickets and attract enough attention at headquarters to gain a mention of salacity in the newspapers, but still miss by a narrow margin the danger-line of a closure by the police"?

The theater is measured by the depth of the response and the vision of grace that it awakens in the people who come to it. Its success depends on the degree to which the audiences live and love and sympathize with the actors. Can audiences who stress sophistication, pride themselves on criticizing everything, and come to the theater merely to be "wise-cracked into coma" create within the actors and playwrights the desire to produce their best, to put themselves heart and soul into their work, and to mold all the magnificent powers of the theater into their creations?

The rebirth of glamor and the renaissance of the theater can not come until the public becomes sympathetic audiences, audiences who feel a bond of friendship for the actors, audiences who come to the theater with the desire to be participants in the adventures of the peace and friendship of the stage and the glamor and magic that it affords.

This recapture of the theater depends greatly on its disentanglement from the show business. Both are able to have a widespread recognition without conflicting with each other or destroying the influence of the other. Each must have its own separate audience and own actors. The rise of the talking picture will not take the place of the theater in Jane Cowl's estimation but will rather compete with the show business. The theater can be hurt only by the flippancy and sophistication of its audience.

"Beauty does not die except for lack of love." Then, it behooves the public, the audiences of the nation who make or break the theater, to so extend a bond of sympathy and love to the actors that these in turn will recall the glamor, dignity, charm, and enchantment of the theater and restore the theater to its age-old pedestal.

Collegiate



HE word collegiate," writes Max McCoon, dean of Lehigh University, in *The Times Magazine*, "has in recent years undergone an interesting change of meaning. Some of us can remember when it still suggested books and studies, a serene and cloistered life. What are its connotations today? Rather, I fear, wide trousers, coon skin coats and hip-flasks, ukeleles and high-powered cars, pep-meets, and cheer leaders, snake dances and bonfires, and noisy parties where the Volstead act is honored only in the breach, . . . etc."

He paints a vivid, living picture of the so-called superficial phase of college life and says that the public finds these modern accessories of the higher learning picturesque and amusing, but that it is apt to draw damaging conclusions about present day students. He believes that such conclusions are not justified.

Mr. McCoon, unlike the majority of his contemporary severe critics, suggests a solution to the problem he defines.

"The obvious answer is—segregate the two groups," he says. That is, have two distinct types of institutions, one for the thinkers, the intellectuals, and one for the doers, as he terms the "collegiate" students.

"I like to speak of this kind of college for the doers as a super-kindergarten . . .", he continues. "They will never reach the stage of using books in the way needed for high cultural or professional attainment, but their valuable practical capacities for business and social life can be—as in fact they now are—splendidly developed by means of the fine series of games and occupations which they themselves, in default of a Froebel, have worked out in our colleges under the name of 'activities'."

We agree with Mr. McCoon that the general public has arrived at fallacious conclusions concerning modern day students. Undoubtedly certain of the students themselves, aided and abetted by several "collegiate" magazines, are responsible for that impression. The very word "college" is associated with a sort of vital, youthful, glamor of "proms" and football games rather than with musty volumes as in former days.

But what of the age-old maxim, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"? By separating the two groups would we not sacrifice certain definite contributions they necessarily make to each other? Is it not possible, that,

while they constitute two distinct phases of college life, they may be supplementary?

While the system of college education is far from perfect it does seem to be advancing in the right direction. There are certain forms of "play" which must be done away with, but when the whole is sifted a great deal of good will be left. The play which is the part of the doers, according to McCoon, and the work which is the part of the thinkers should leaven each other in a process which will tend to develop a broader, and yet more thorough, future education.

Old-Fangled Education



THE fourth issue of "The Rollins Animated Magazine" appeared on Sunday afternoon, February 23. This magazine, the only animated magazine published in the United States, is a unique tradition of the college and one of the brightest of the attractions during Founders' week.

Hamilton Holt, president of Rollins, has assumed the familiar role of editor, and under his editorship, as he explains it, "in place of going to the expense of printing the magazine the writers were invited to appear in person and read their contributions"—a novel idea!

This magazine, published once each year, is an adventure in the field of publications sponsored by colleges. The subscription price is explained, "whatever you ought to give. All the proceeds of this Animated Magazine will be devoted to the purchase of books which are greatly needed for the Rollins College Library." Notable contributors have appeared in the "pages" of this magazine—Seumas MacManus, Burris A. Jenkins, Daniel Carter Beard, Ed Howe, William Lyon Phelps, Corra Harris, Ray Stannard Baker, Percy Mackaye, Clinton Scollard, Albert Shaw, Irving Bacheller, Fred Lewis Pattee, Opie Read, and so on.

Rollins boasts that it not only has the "only magazine in the United States that comes alive!" but that it has also founded an American college which removes the three besetting sins of the modern university: first, the insatiable impulse to expand materially; second, the glorification of research at the expense of teaching; and, third, the lack of human contact between teacher and student. Rollins advocates the Two-Hour Conference Plan as this panacea for educational evils. This plan permits the student and the professor to meet as man to man under such conditions of informality and co-operation as prevail outside the college. The professor is no longer quizzer and lecturer, but rather "guide, philosopher, and friend."

With Hamilton Holt, very many people agree that there is nothing radical or revolutionary in the plan. It is rather old-fangled and reactionary in a far-fetched sense. For, does not the Rollins plan merely mark our returning to Socrates and putting him on an eight-hour day?

LA VENDER

YOUTH

BY CAROLINE OWEN

*Bubbling,
Sparkling,
Laughing often;
Doubting,
Frowning,
Weeping often;
Frisking, sober,
Winsome, naive;
Changing ever—
Youth—
Eternal Peter Pan.*

FRAGMENTS

Shadowed ghosts—pearl tinged and silvered,

Rose leaves withered in a jar,
Broken harp strings, dull and rusted,
And a tear-dimmed misty star.

Tattered ribbons of a ball gown,
Jeweled gay sticks of a fan,
And a pile of yellowed letters,
And a picture of a man.

Crystal water in a garden
And a broken old sundial,
Poppies flaunting their vermillion
—And a little wistful smile.
By Moselle Burke.

INFINITY

Why should youth be idle
And pine for would-be futures?
Why should old age wither
And childish soon become?
Life is but a shadow
Thrown over God's whole earth—
We live, we dream, we hope,
At last to find no peace!
By Caroline Owen.

DISILLUSION

I snatched a brand from the altar of sense—

A wild insatiate mouth of flame—
I fed its lust with holy things,
With honor and love and innocence—
The wind of life then scattered wide
The ashes of a dead desire.

By Elizabeth Wilde.

AIR CASTLES

Fleeting,
Floating,
Fairer ever;
Gleaming,
Growing,
Greater ever;
Towering,
Transient,
Taller ever—

Phantom castles of the sky.

By Caroline Owen.

BEAUTY

Beauty—
A desert waste.
Two men stumbling

Fitfully in haste.
Parched throats,
Small water
Enough for one, for two a taste.
A suicide.
Love unabased.

Beauty.
Strange bargainings.
Her son would now a rich man be
With wealth, advantages,
And love's sufficiency.
Almost a king he;
A childless pauper she—
As he called another "mother."
Love superb.

Beauty.
"For her, Sam—
Since the war—
It doesn't matter—
Sooner or later—

The money for my life—
To my wife."
The poison had its rest.
Love—unselfishness.

By Mary Cotton.

LOVE—AND I

He stood there trembling
Under the chill of her glance—
This ragged beggar lad—
He had asked so little and yet so much—
She shuddered and wilted under his touch,
As he tugged at the hem of her dress.
Could she turn him away?
He was so small and dirty and weak—
No!—but she must—so—
"Run along, little boy," she said.
And Love reached down and patted my
head.

By Elizabeth Barnes.



BOOKSHELF

Barrie—The Story of a Genius

J. A. HAMMERTON

There could be no more charming subject for a biographer than the life of Barrie—the journalist, the novelist, the dramatist, the whimsical master of humour and pathos who, in a rhetorical address delivered at St. Andrews University, described his business in life as “playing hide and seek with angels”.

Like Barrie, the biographer seems to have the gentle art of exaggeration and winning charm. Through the book he rambles in a formless style, treating the man through half of his life in a personal, whimsical, possibly exaggerated manner, and then running back to retell the same period of his life as a writer. The method would be boring to one not totally interested in Barrie. Perhaps the writer is swamped with a wealth of material, for he gives us only a formless mass of interesting incidents strung together by the strength of the personality around whom they center.

He begins, naturally, with sketches from the early life of the “wee” James Barrie, whose sensitiveness was saved from taciturnity by an impish liveliness of spirit; who, from the first, was not only a humorist but who had the power to

cause humor in others; and, who first peeped into the realm of fancy through the portals of a tiny puppet show.

There were the stories that Barrie heard as he sat by his mother's knee. So

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strong a hold did these tales take on his budding imagination that the lives of the Auld Lights, who fought their little battles and sank into their quiet graves before he was born and whose ongoings were the chief subject of his mother's talks, her limited world of experience, became more real to her eerie, pale-faced, little boy, and far more interesting than the lives of his contemporaries. That is why, as he tells us, his books deal mainly

with the days of his mother's youth and not with his own.

Then, he entered the field of journalism where he was known as "the young man from the North who must have been born with a pen in his hands." But, being eminently practical and having an excellent sense of direction in whatever he had set his desires upon, the young man who had first come a-courting the Grisette of Journalism was cautious enough to be off

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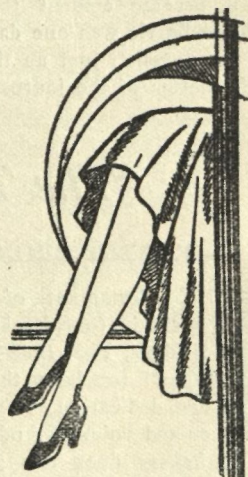
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with his old love before he was safely on with the new.

About the same time that Barrie began to attract fame as a novelist, Kipling came upon the English field. Hammerton made a pointed comparison of the two. "When the lusty young singer of Empire and teller of strange tales seemed to proffer his literary wares almost truculently the gentle humorist made a shy and diffident gesture for the affection of those who could be moved by the sympathetic presentation of scenes from lowly life."

There was still a long way to travel before it became evident that the playwright in Barrie was one day to triumph over the novelist, just as the latter had got the better of the journalist. But, the

dramatist triumphed and the world found "Peter Pan"! The outstanding thing about it is that its author did not make a resolve that he would write a fairy play and sit down coldly to construct it. It was a thing of slow growth—mainly to please his dreamy self, and it was thrown in as an extra play along with a contracted one. The popularity of it proves his genius as a playwright.

The greatest charm of the book lies in its author, who, it is said, like Hans Anderson, mixes every day life with fairyland; who, like Dickens, entices us to that borderland of laughter where we suddenly find ourselves in tears. He is a charming man. It is a charming biography.

By Winnifred Jones.

"The Testament of Beauty"

—ROBERT BRIDGES



THE Testament of Beauty, A poem in four books by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate—"To the King" proclaim the title page and dedication of this much-discussed volume. And what testament of beauty does this poet-laureate offer to his king? It is the consummation of a long life, and at the age of eighty-two the poet offers the fruits of a life-time of study and thought, the philosophy of one who has truly endeavored to see life and see it whole. Nothing is more impressive

about this book than the amount of knowledge on many subjects that is revealed. The reading of the poem is the tracing of a line of thought, and it is absorbing reading. Yet between the accents of study and reflection, the harmonious beauty of the lines reminds one that it is

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Hats of Natural Straws

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the philosophy, the thought, and the pen of the poet.

Mr. Bridges employs a slightly simplified spelling, mainly with respect to the final e and the doubled consonant. The mute i is used only to distinguish the heavy from light syllables and the double consonant is also used only to show distinctions of speech-values. So great is the thought-power of the poem that after the first few pages this peculiarity of printing passes unnoticed.

The four books of the poem are: Introduction, Selfhood, Breed, and Ethick. The method of the poem is to state the knowledge of man on the great themes of life, and then to lead up to the poet's conception of the meaning beyond. Biology, theology, various branches of psychology, a knowledge of natural science, various theories of beauty and ethical standards are woven together to show the inter-dependence of the realms known to man and the functions and instincts of which man is composed. In Mr. Bridges' scheme of life, everything has a part, everything is inter-related by the Divine mind which planned creation, and the gods that rule are beauty and love, love of beauty, and the selfhood of love.

Figures, vivid imagery, and thought embodied in harmonious phrase enrich the pages of revealed philosophy. Mr. Bridges has been a close observer of life in all its forms. The chief characteristic of his attitude is to see all forms of life, all manifestations of power in close inter-relation, each insect forms part of a vast scale of creation, each science a step to fuller comprehension of the whole, each attribute of mankind a complement of the whole.

In the introduction we read: "Wisdom hath hewed her house; She that dwelleth alway with God in the Evermore fasion'd the nascent Earth that the energy of its life might come to evolution in the becoming of Man, who, as her subject, would subject all to her rule and bring God's latest work to be a realm of delight. So she herself the essential Beauty of holiness pass'd her creative hoy into the creature's heart to take back from his hand her Adoration robes and royal

crown of his Imagination and Love." And again the idea that the best is the result of evolution, of development; "altho growth itself is not beauty since ugliness also grows: True beauty of man outfeatureth childish charm, and whether in men or things Best is mature."

The next two sections, selfhood and breed, are seen as a vision of a man in a chariot drawn by winged horses—and the man was "upright with eyes upon the goal and mind alert controlling his strong steeds." The man is Reason, and the horses are selfhood and breed. The whip he holds is to hold them obedient to the rein of his Will.

In Selfhood he writes, "Have I not learn'd that Selfhood is fundamental

and universal in all individual Being; and that thru' Motherhood it came in animals

to altruistic feeling, and thence—after in men

Rose after to spiritual affection? What then am I

in my conscience of self but very consciousness

of spiritual affection upgrown to life in me?

Truly inscrutable and dark is the Wisdom of God,

but no man cometh unto wisdom but by me.

This book takes up philanthropy, war, poetry reason and beauty.

and virtue, examining them in the light of reason.

Beauty is the highest of all these occult influences,

the quality of appearances that thru' the sense

wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man."

In breed he goes on with his questioning, and working out of answers that relate the parts of life into a harmonious whole. "Breed is to the race as selfhood is to the individual." Love, instinct, and the meaning of beauty, science and beauty, the part of woman in relation to man, and

pleasure and its distinction from happiness are presented.

The last book, *Ethick*, takes up Duty, will, right and wrong, pleasure and happiness, the mind and prayer. The conclusion of the testament is:

"God is seen as the very self-essence of love

Creator and mover of all as aciv Lover of all,

self-expressed in not-self, without which no self were

In thought whereof is neither beginning nor end

nor space nor time; nor any fault nor gap therein

twixt self and not-self, mind and body, mother and child,

twixt lover and loved, God and man: but ONE ETERNAL

in the love of Beauty and in the selfhood of Love."

—By Elizabeth Wilde.

"Chapter the Last"

—KNUT HAMSUM



RAGEDY and disaster run rampant through the lives of Knut Hamsun's characters in "Chapter the Last." The purpose of the novel and its effects on the reader are expressed in the words of Suicide, "You have seen the terror and ruin of life in another, in his face, in his eyes, but have you had them in your own bosom?"

All of Knut Hamsun's books are strongly realistic. From his first great novel "Hunger" to this his last, written in his old age, he has shown the same stern, bitter, and almost hopeless outlook on life. Working under great handicaps and living in poverty, he produced the

stirring novels that won for him the Nobel prize in 1920.

High up on a mountain, a politic lawyer and a too amiable doctor build a sanatorium. This sanatorium becomes the dominant figure in the story, and all the scenes are centered in and around it. We have no sympathy with this home for the sick—it is too much of a business proposition. Instead of a haven of rest, the author pictures it as the playhouse of calamity.

There are many characters. All of them, with the exception of the peasant David, are patients, or, as the lawyer expresses it, "guests" of the sanatorium. While they are vividly portrayed, they are exaggerated. We feel that we are seeing neurotics,

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faithfully drawn but representing the sub-normal in life. It would be difficult to pick out any two people in the book and say this is the hero and this the heroine. The author seems to have been interested in all his characters—a good thing to a certain extent, but weakening in that the characterization is not concentrated enough.

We are perhaps more concerned with the affairs of Froken d'Espard, the illegitimate child of a French musician than with anyone else. She boasts of her ancestry, enjoys cheap French novels, and has no moral sense. We like her, but we do not admire her. Her love for Herr Fleming, the consumptive, is not a great passion, but it is the most of which she is capable. As for her pretended affection for David, that is too evidently artificial.

It is the convenient thing. David, because he has been made the goat, is a pathetic figure. There are other people, such as the Suicide, lovable and tragic, whom we sympathize with, but in whose affairs we are not supremely interested.

"Chapter the Last" is a psychological novel. The plot is weak and is merely the author's tool for characterization. The tragedy and death that stalk through the book are sometimes the direct result of the character's mistakes and sometimes the working of a blind fate. Knut Hamsum has a brilliant style, natural, sparkling, and audacious. The book is dramatic and gripping, and while it seems horrible in parts and ends far from the way you might wish it to, it is well worth the reading.

—By Louise Mackay.

"Atmosphere of Love"

—ANDRE MAUROIS



HILIPPE MARCENAT, the central figure in Andre Maurois' recent novel "Atmosphere of Love," wrote in his diary: "I feel cynical and sad when I notice how rarely two human beings are on the same level. In this comedy of love we play in turn the part of the most beloved and the part of the least beloved. The same words are uttered, but by different lips."

His second wife Isabelle wrote later: "The important thing I have learned during the past year is that if one truly loves it is not really necessary to attach great importance to the actions of those we love. We need them; only through them can we live in a certain 'atmosphere.' And it is in an atmosphere without which we cannot live. So long as we have it and keep it, what does the rest matter? Life is so short and so difficult . . ."

And at the end, when Philippe, whom Isabelle seems to have found—to have possessed at last, has been cruelly snatched away from her by death, she writes: "Had I been able to keep you I

believe I could have made you happy. But our destinies and our desire rarely play in unison."

That is the story in short of this novel expressed in the sad, puzzled, ever-seeking minds of the characters. Indeed, the entire story is carried on in the minds of the two leading characters, Philippe and Isabella, while the others live only through their words, their emotions, their imagery. The form of the novel is unusual; it consists of two long letters, perhaps they might be called memoirs. The first, entitled "Odile" is written by Philippe to Isabelle just before he asks her to marry him. In it he gives a full account of his life before he met her, the most of which was a reflection of this first wife, Odile—the rest, snatches from his childhood, was merely a preparation for her advent. He

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tells of his childhood, his romantic, idealistic youth, his craving for the perfect love—his "Amazone" his "Helene," then of his cynical young manhood, of his disappointment at failing to find this perfect woman, of his meeting Odile—their happiness and marriage. Then comes the bitter strain when Odile tires of his too great love, seeks divorce, and later commits suicide. He—is ill mostly through mental despair at his great loss. Whose life has been so full of love.

The second part entitled "Isabelle" is told by her, just after Philippe's death. Isabelle takes up his life where he had left off, prefacing it with a sketch of her lonely, repressed childhood in order that her disposition may be understood, that her great craving for love may have its natural explanation.

She relates how idolization for Philippe soon gave her life a purpose. Later his love for her awakens; then she relates their marriage and the difficulties arising from it, the same difficulties which had occurred in Philippe's first marriage only now the tables were turned; it was Isabelle who loved without reason, Philippe who tired, who resented the absorbing faithfulness of her love.

He had a painful affair with a woman named Solange which was really a reminiscence of Odile. He was enthralled by this affair, though not as tragically as by the former, because it was his very nature to be hurt, to prefer a love that he must question—all of which loving, faithful Isabelle refused to give him.

This affair was over soon after their

son was born, not because of the child, but because Solange tired of it. Then comes a period of calm, a sunlit interlude of perfect understanding and communion between this man and woman whose lives had been so saddened by intensity and misunderstanding—and then, the end.

The title of the book explains its theme; for it assuredly has one, the tortuous problem of man and woman and love. The book is French in tone, romantic in atmosphere, and yet there is enough truth throughout to give it realism. The characters are finely drawn, lifelike. The steps in the plot are natural; the psychology is excellent. A sincere, yet lovely, picture of life and love is given here, presenting the idealist's longing for a communion of spirits, the higher love of the mind, along with the urbane attitude of the French towards sex.

There is a wistful and poignant beauty which envelopes the book—a beauty that pictures the melancholy of life, the haunting sadness one glimpses in a poem of Shelley's.

Philippe expresses this when he says, "The most precious moments are always tinged with melancholy for one feels how fleeting they are; one wishes to keep them and cannot."

"Atmosphere of Love" was written by Andre Maurois, the cloth manufacturer of Leipzig who stepped into sudden fame after the war. Other books produced by this clever master of style are "Disraeli," "Ariel—Life of Shelley," and "Don Juan—Life of Byron."

ALUMNAE

WHO'S WHO IN FAIRYLAND



HERE are fairies and fairies and fairies! Tinker Bell is not the only fairy gifted with a lovely body and a sharp tongue, for fairyland is filled with all types, the good and the bad, not unlike the world of men.

Among the good fairies are those attached to the house, bringing luck and sharing protection with its inhabitants. The Irish called these little people Banshees, the French called them Esprits Follets, Duendes were Spanish, and the house spirit of Munster is a Fear-Dearg. The Scandanavian fairy, Nisse, is friendly to farmhouses. Brownies are Scotch domestic fairies.

Fairy royalty includes Oberon, king of the fairies, and Titania, his wife. Mab, another queen, is the fairy midwife who delivers men of their dreams.

Sylphs are spirits of the air, Naiads are of the water, Dryads and Hamadryads are wood-nymphs dwelling in trees, and Dwerfers are German elves living in rocks and hills.

Friendly mischief makers are the diminutive Elves and Pixies, of which Puck is the most famous, who is also called Robin-Goodfellow.

Were-wolves are human beings transformed into the shape and appetite of wolves, Orgres feed on little children, and

Ghouls are the most horrible of all, inhabiting graves and feeding on the dead!

The Will-O'-The-Wisp is a spirit of the bogs, whose delight is to mislead belated travelers. The White Lady of Prussia is a spirit said to appear before the death of any member of the royal family.

The water has other spirits besides the Naiads. Triton is a sea-deity who lives with Father Neptune in a golden palace at the bottom of the sea and blows a conch to smoothe the sea when it is troubled. Undine is a water sprite. Nixies are so-called beautiful spirits of the water, having green teeth and wearing green hats. Mermaids are set-spirits, the upper part a woman and the lower half fish. Merrows are similar to mermaids, except that the male merrows have green teeth, pig's eyes, and red noses.

Jinns are Arabian spirits formed of smokeless fire, and a Salamander is a spirit which lives in the fire.

The white Merle of the old Basque stories is a fairy bird, which, by its singing restores sight to the blind. The Vampire, in Hungarian superstition, is the spirit of a dead man that haunts a house and sucks the blood of the living.

Leprechauns are fairy shoemakers of Irish folklore. Gnomes are guardians of mines and quarries. Genii are Eastern spirits, good and bad, which preside over men and nations.

By MARGARET CHAPMAN

EXCHANGE

THE BRAMBLER,
Sweet Briar College, Va.,
March, 1930.

As usual we were delighted with your magazine. We sympathize with your thoughtful editorial. And again we were struck by your good book reviews. This seems to us to be one of your strongest departments. We particularly liked "Departure" by Martha Lee, who surely must be a missionary's daughter, and "The Indian Mission," by M. H. Your poetry is good, too. One of our secret desires is put into words in Nancy Tucker Williams' "Figurehead." We especially enjoyed "Secret" by Mary Henderson and "A Farce in Three Stanzas" by Dorothy A. Smith. Eleanor Henderson's "Vachel Lindsey Has Breakfast in a Cafeteria" is clever. We like the fanciful simile in

NIGHT

Caralisa Barry

I sat in a filling-station and watched
The stream of light's go trickling by
Like rolling beads strung loosely
On a thin black string of highway.
"As We Pass By" is always interesting.

THE EMORY PHOENIX,

Emory University, Ga.,
March, 1930.

We thoroughly enjoyed every article in your last number of The Phoenix. It is the kind of magazine that makes an exchange editor glad to sit up all night typing copy. The stories are interesting. We liked "Intrigue" by Herbert Hitch for its oriental tone, which we know he must have learned first hand. "Marianna's Hero, a Farce in One Act" by Max Hall amused us greatly. We are glad, too, that there will soon be another one. "Why He Is a Bachelor" is delightfully written. Kent Silverthorne's "Indian Haunts" is filled with beautiful words and pictures. The book review of "Look Homeward, Angel" by Humbert Wolfe might well

have been written by a not so youthful critic. Dooley's Letter should be considered carefully and intelligently. We feel compelled to say that it expresses more than one of our private opinions. We would like to quote

LULLABY WIND

Eva Hadas

The low March wind
Moaning beneath cool March moonlight
Lulls a winter mood,
Lulls a weary longing for the sun
To utter an almost audible laugh,
Drying winsome April's insincere tears.

It seems to us that if authorities were not convinced by the sane and reasoning editorial "Shall We Change," all that would be necessary to do the work would be to turn to the poem "Strange Splendor" by Earnest Hartsock, a former editor of the Phoenix. If college material develops into prize award material, this surely is sufficient conviction.

THE JOURNAL,

Wofford College,
Spartenburg, S. C.,
February, 1930.

We were glad to receive your exchange. Your magazine is very well balanced. Why don't you try a little more poetry? Somehow, college men's poems nearly always seem more forceful than those of college girls. And you have wonderful possibilities. "La Chere" by Edward Gilmore is different and interesting. The essays "Modernism?" by Joseph M. Doggett, "A Clasp of Hands" by Bernard A. Foster, Jr., and Clyde A. Nelson's "Modern Portrait—John Galsworthy" are good. The short story "The Rogue" by Rudolph Creech is unusual. James E. Harbin's "Colla'ds" is characteristic of the old time negro, but the dialect is a little tiresome. However, he writes it better than most authors. "Uncle Silas Crosses the Jordan" by William Arnette Wofford is a good

character sketch, self-painted by two small village women. Now that we are approaching Memorial Day, we are happy to read a new tribute to our beloved Lee in "A Glorious Failure" by John C. Otts, Jr. "The Bribe" by Harrold Miller is well written. The editorials and the book reviews are good. Your magazine as a whole seems to be just a little lacking in "punch."

THE SUBEMECO

Sue Bennett College,
London, Ky.,
March, 1930.

We are pleased to see the increased amount of original work in your last two issues. Furman Jones does fine work and we predict still better things from him. There is promise in Ruth Williams who contributes "The March Wind," a poem, and an essay, "A Defense of Poetry." Smith Gilmore has written a thoughtful essay, "War and Contemporary Poetry." We are glad that you are thinking about and are trying original poetry. Miss Pearl McCain's delightful letter tells of her first Christmas in China. There is a marked improvement in your exchange department. We hope to hear from you again soon.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Short Story Number of The Missema, Washington Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

The Prom Number of The Cajoler, Auburn University, Auburn, Ala.

The Football Number of The Vanderbilt Alumnus, Nashville, Tenn.

The Subemeco, Sue Bennett College, London, Ky., February, 1930.

ABOUT OURSELVES

From The Brambler, Sweet Briar College, Va., March, 1930.

The Gypsy number of The Wesleyan from Wesleyan College delighted us so much, that, though we had the Pilgrim number also on hand, we just had to read it. "Scarlet Slippers," the story of the conventional Englishman in whom turmoil is caused by the outcropping of his Spanish ancestry and his subsequent love of a Spanish gypsy, shows the power of a gypsy's fascination. All through the magazine we felt ourselves carried hither and thither, both by the gypsies' fortune-telling and by their rhythmic dancing, and also by their superstitions. An instance of the last occurs in the dramatic life of a famous violinist who believes that the key to his success lies in the rattle of a sand-snake which he carries in his violin to sweeten its tone. We liked the Pilgrim number almost as much as the Gypsy number, for do we ever tire of "Speak for yourself, John," in the days of the Pilgrims? In "Helen of 'the Patch'," Miss Wilde sympathetically shows how the pride of a poor, pretty Swedish factory girl is wounded because her employer's son does not love her enough to redress the insults heaped upon her by his father.

And further on—"But we must say that we always enjoy 'Lavender,' the poetry section in 'The Wesleyan'."

THE RAMBLER



HERE have been three great mistakes in my life—three very outstanding mistakes. How many more there have been, I do not know. Perhaps there is any number of which I am still unaware. But of these three I shall mention, all were mistaken impressions, and the discovery that my beliefs were delusions was a staggering blow to my childish pride. Yes, all three of these mistakes occurred in my early life. Perhaps I was a victim of circumstances. At any rate they resulted in a death-blow to conceit and self-confidence.

The very first mistake was when I was very young. Like all other babies I had a baby book—one of those affairs in which the date of one's birth, one's weight at birth, at two months, etc., are recorded, and in which a lock of one's baby hair is pasted. One page of my book was headed, "Favorite Occupation." On this page was the picture of a baby eating. I concluded, rather naturally, I think, that occupation meant food—favorite occupation, favorite food. I declared that my favorite occupation was bananas and cream.

My second mistake was perhaps less grounded than the first, though now it seems to me more reasonable. I cannot tell of its origin. It seems that I was born with the idea. Perhaps I had once seen a man with long white beard whose name was Smith. Anyway I called white beard, "smith." To me the two were synonymous. And all men who possessed white beards were named Smith. (There were more then than there are today.) There was an old doctor who wore one and whose name was Doctor Harvard. My sisters called him Dobby Hobby, but I dubbed him Dobby Hobby Smith. My mother asked me why I attached the Smith. "Because he's got a 'smith,' ma-ma," I explained patiently.

The last of these great mistakes was

more recent. It dates back to the time when I first saw those Christmas seals advertised—those sold for the prevention of tuberculosis. You will recall the white cross and the words, "Buy Christmas seals for health. Help in the prevention of tubercular diseases." I drew the conclusion that all other seals were dangerous. If you licked them you might get tuberculosis. These seals were safe to lick.

These childhood impressions may be laughable now, but they are not always so to me. For, as I have said, the disillusionment was a stunning blow to my pride. And I have never gotten over these impressions. When I hear the word, occupation, the first thing that comes to my mind is food. A long white beard still looks very smithy to me and every year I buy some of the health seals and lick them in perfect ease, but all other kinds are very distasteful to me.

SUNSETS

It has always been a matter of interest to me to observe the varied reactions of these creatures sometimes termed human beings when they are face to face with the glorified presence of the god of nature as represented to us by such a commonplace, yet ever-new, spectacle of splendor as a sunset.

There are sunsets—and then there are still other sunsets. Sometimes the ball of fire which the ancients playfully called Apollo's chariot slips quietly over the rim of our world, the edge of which is laced by the uneven tops of trees, leaving behind only a narrow streak of color burning below the deepening purple of the twilight sky. Sometimes it lingers majestically for a few splendid minutes, an orb of blazing glory in a limpid-clear sky of luminous orange fringed by pale blue; then, with a suddenness that is breathless, it is gone, and with it all the color and brightness, and all that was brave glory

is brown night. I have seen the sunset in the gala dress of a belle of Louis the Fourteenth's time arrayed for the court ball. The sky, then, is bedecked by changing white clouds that remind one first of soft fur, then of fine lace. These fantastic shapes that ornament the sky emblazoned by the setting sun are tinged and shaded with all the colors in the spectrum—shell pink, fragile blue, limpid green, the yellow of gold deepening into orange, orange flaming into red, crimson, scarlet, scarlet deepening into sombre rich purple—all an ever shifting, magically changing panorama of color which gives one the surprised, wondering thrill the child feels who first sees the colored light magic of musical shows. And in the center of this picture, the vital, living power of the inexpressible grandeur and glory of it all is the sun. Etched against the brightness, dark with the sharpness of contrast, there may be a cottage with smoke drifting from the chimney, the reminder of home, of everyday things, of that which we can understand. There might be a city's jagged skyline traced against the miracle, or perhaps the graceful silhouette of a girl's figure is vivid there, or the lone outline of a tall tree.

I have seen the sun set a blaze of light flickering through gray rain. I have seen it bring the day to a close in a veritable haze of gold and scarlet mist, when one seemed to be walking through a world of thick amber light dashed with scarlet. I have seen twilight approach with a scene that made me think of a whole symphony orchestra and then again with a stillness that made me tremble. Sometimes there is splendor, sometimes only the beauty of fine-drawn vividness, sometimes delicate loveliness—and yet never have I witnessed a sunset without a slight catching of the breath—a certain indefinable longing that has never been satisfied.

My most vivid memories as a child are etched by the awe-inspiring beauty of sunsets, my day seems to lack its close, to be incomplete without at least a glance to see how the sun is going about its business of withdrawing from our ken. I understand and sympathize with every fi-

ber of my being with the world old custom of building cities towards the setting sun. Whenever I have a home of my own, whether it be a cubby-hole apartment or a mansion, my one unfailing stipulation shall be that it have a window facing the setting sun.

And yet, I seldom speak of the beauty of a sunset—the splendor may warm my innermost soul, the picture made glamorous by this departing glory, the room, the garden, the expanse of water, or the face of a friend—all these may be indelibly imprinted on my consciousness—yet to observers I am probably totally indifferent to the scene. If asked about it, I would probably pretend that I hadn't noticed it and make some inane remark to the effect that "the sunset is pretty." And the most of us would do the same.

It is sad that such beauties can not be shared; but it seems that they cannot except by sympathetic silences, if there is really such a thing.

I have been with people who remarked, "Lovely sunset," and continued the sentence relating "Aunt Tibba's illness." I have heard others mutter an oath, gaze steadily at the sunset for a moment—then talk of some gay, light subject. Others go into raptures, and yet with them I always wonder if they really see the sunset at all. Some people get poetic, some get prosaic and remark that tomorrow will be a pretty day. Some don't even notice it at all—just continue to watch the speedometer of their car.

The most of us just remain silent, and yet, as inadequate as it seems, the silence hurts more. It separates us from the others, and we are left alone—and the others, watching with us are alone with beauty, too.

Words can never be anything but trife when discussing something that happens every day. Personal contact only deepens the sense of loneliness, makes more poignant the oppressing realization that souls are so isolated. Great beauty, it seems, cannot be shared, and it is sad because man is a creature to share, and beauty is precious and should be shared.

—Helen Kilpatrick.

ON HIRSUTE POSSESSION

Goethe observed, "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare," and Carew sang of "those curious locks so aptly twined." A natural conclusion would be that the possession of tresses and locks so described would assure one's complete happiness and success. But, alas, I have neither curious locks nor fair tresses. Nature dowered me with just hair. Plenty of it, I'll admit. It performs nobly its triple duty of keeping my head warm, preserving the fit of hats, and preventing my looking different from the rest of the world. But, aside from that, it is merely hair.

"Loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre," "amber-dropping hair," and hair like the raven's wing all come in for commendation, even eulogy. But my hair has no particular color. Seen in a strong light, it has an exasperating reddish cast—exasperating because it is a matter of illusive light, not a definite hue. There is a tendency to yellowness over my left ear. Aside from that, it is brown. Brown enough for the unobserving and tactless to forget my blue eyes and blonde freckles and call me a brunette type. Not that I would mind being a brunette, for I own their charm. But I am not a brunette, any more than I am a blonde, and it is tantalizing to be mistaken for what one would gladly be, and have to explain "It is only the hair, you know, I am neither one thing nor the other."

When it comes to gender, I fare a little better. For no one could possibly mistake my brown crop of flying hair for the slick-smooth crown of manhood. And this brings us to another problem, arrangement. Some ladies are favored by having what is termed fine heads of hair. This becomes, when arranged, a coiffure. A devoted hair-dresser once spent three hours and some five hundred hair pins to evolve a coiffure for me. When it was completed, it was a marvel. It was composed of the waist-long sweep of my hair, pinned into ringlets all over the back of my head. It was magnificent. I had a coiffure! With trembling fingers I slipped my party dress over the work of art and went down stairs

to be admired. Surely, with this distinctive treatment of my elf-locks, some difference from the every day would be noticed. Surely I approached the regal creatures of the fashion sheet. But Daddy broke the spell. "Look out the wind doesn't hit that leaning tower, kiddie," he said.

This is once again a generation of long hair. Did it go down to keep pace with the skirts? There does seem to be a sort of affinity between skirts and locks. There is another suggestion: the class that bobbed so valiantly as freshmen has arrived at the age when romance becomes an immediate image in the shape of a black-suited man, a ring, a decorated church. The prelude to this splendor is the process known as falling in love. And one sure sign of this is lengthening hair. Milady stands before the mirror and combs and combs and frantically considers whether "he" will notice the slow process of growth—Not until hair pins and a knot become imperative. There is a tremulous step in here that involves so much worry that I never got beyond it. Perhaps this is why I failed to fall in love. "Beware of her fair hair, for she excels all women in the magic of her locks." That is very well. But, will long hair suit me as well as short? Endless weeks of growth and careful grooming come to naught in a frantic moment before the mirror when scissors are too handy. Then there is the advice of friends. Those with long hair advocate an attempt to possess a knot. Those few who still bob lure one to their ranks. Controversy wages. In a vain attempt to suit both factions, I once attained a state where my hair could be considered bobbed, if wet with hot water until it curled up short, or in the company of the long-haired maidenhood, would permit a switch to be pinned across its ends. But this was a nuisance, and, with a mad grasp at strong-mindedness, I accepted a length known as the long bob which is yet too short to permit the eternal question, "Are you letting your hair grow?"

In spite of these difficulties, I can still say, "No stealth of time has thinned my flowing hair," though to be quite truthful,

I should substitute "blowing hair." If there is anything I can say for my hair, which can be distinguished neither as tresses, locks, nor yet a coiffure, it is that it is gloriously pullable. It blows forever in an orbit about my worried head and seems temptingly in reach of restless fingers. Bed-time brings me this one certainty in a world of illusions—my hair is indisputably pullable.

—Elizabeth Wilde.

ABSOLUTE PERFECTION

I can have hardly been more than six when I began to realize that it was quite nice to be just sick enough to have Mother tuck me in bed, give me a book to read, and order from the nearest grocer gingerale. In fact, the phrase "just sick enough to have gingerale" became for me a symbol of mild paradise.

Since then I have, consciously and unconsciously, been collecting "Just enoughs."

How excellent it is at three in the morning to be just cold enough to want another comfort, to pull it up cozily, and then to feel yourself grow snugly warm again! Or to be just hot enough in a game of tennis to hang your sweater over the net pole and play around with the wind gaily blowing through.

Then to be just hungry enough to trudge on to the Pig'N Whistle, knowing that when you get there there is a nice juicy barbecue sandwich waiting; or just thirsty enough to dream of the best and coolest spring at the end of a three mile hike; to be just tired enough to rest at the end of the road, at the end of the day!

There are others: just dirty enough to enjoy getting clean; just poor enough to

feel adventure as Charles and Mary Lamb did; just smart enough to make your teacher think you can; just fashionable enough to feel superior to both the thoroughly stylish and to the thoroughly dowdy; just lonely enough to dream and enjoy one's loneliness for half a day.

So one could go on forever. I really believe that the reason some people go miserable all their lives is that they don't believe in the Doctrine of the Mean (or is there any such doctrine?) They can see little good in being just a little bit sick, a little bit hungry, a little bit poor, a little bit lonely.

But then, on the other hand, there are those whose "just enoughs" do not tally with mine. For instance, who shall say when one is just enough dirty to enjoy getting clean? And so it is when it comes to things greater than dirt. Because I am content with one or two new frocks a season; with just one good trip during a summer; with doing well, not excellent, in my work; in fact, with very little honor and, it must be admitted, a great deal of love, I must not bid other people be so. We are entirely different individuals and who knows but that when the other person was a little girl she was not content to be just sick enough for gingerale or just poor enough to go into ecstasy over a little red bag she had saved pennies a whole month to buy.

I think that if I should go to heaven I'd not be quite happy were I to find that I never grew tired enough to ache a little, never lonely enough to want a friend.

How afraid we are, after all, of absolute perfection!

—Sara Frances Moseley.

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